

THE
HIND

AND THE
PANTHER.

A
POEM.

In Three PARTS.

Antiquam exquisitè matrem. } Virg.
Et vera, incesu, patuit Dea. — }

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HOPE FOR THE FUTURE

1970-1971

TO THE READER.

THE Nation is in too high a Ferment, for me to expect either fair War, or even so much as fair Quarter from a Reader of the opposite Party. All Men are engag'd either on this side or that: and tho' Conscience is the common Word, which is given by both, yet if a Writer fall among Enemies, and cannot give the Marks of Their Conscience, he is knock'd down before the Reasons of his own are heard. A Preface, therefore, which is but a bespeaking of Favour, is altogether useless. What I desire the Reader should know concerning me, he will know in the body of the Poem, if he have but the patience to peruse it. Only this Advertisement let him take before hand, which relates to the Merits of the Cause. No general Characters of Parties, (call 'em either Sects or Churches) can be so fully and exactly drawn, as to comprehend all the several Members of 'em; at least all such as are receiv'd under that Denomination. For example; there are some of the Church by Law Establish'd, who enjoy not Liberty of Conscience to Dissenters, as being well satisfied that, according to their own Principles, they ought not to persecute them. Yet these, by reason of their fewness, I could not distinguish from the Numbers of the rest with whom they are Embodied in one common Name: On the other side there are many of our Sects, and more indeed than I could reasonably have hop'd, who have withdrawn themselves from the Communion of the Panther; and embrac'd this Gracious Indulgence of His Majesty in point of Toleration. But neither to the one nor the other of these is this Saryr any way intended: 'tis aim'd only at the refractory and disobedient on either side. For those who are come over to the Royal Party are consequently suppos'd to be out of Gunshot. Our Physicians have observ'd, that in Proceſs of Time, some Diseases have abated of their Virulence, and have in a manner worn out their Malignity, so as to be no longer Mortal: and why may not I suppose the same concerning some

A 2

of

TO the READER.

of those who have formerly been Enemies to Kingly Government, As well as Catholick Religion? I hope they have now another Notion of both, as having found, by comfortable Experience, that the Doctrine of Persecution is far from being an Article of our Faith.

'Tis not for any private Man to Censure the Proceedings of a Foreign Prince: but, without suspicion of Flattery, I may praise our own, who has taken contrary Measures, and those more suitable to the Spirit of Christianity. Some of the Dissenters in their Addresses to His Majesty have said, That he has restor'd God to his Empire over Conscience: I confess I dare not stretch the Figure to so great a boldness: but I may safely say, that Conscience is the Royalty and Prerogative of every private Man. He is absolute in his own Breast, and accountable to no Earthly Power, for that which passes only betwixt God and Him. Those who are driven into the Fold are, generally speaking, rather made Hypocrites than Converts.

This Indulgence being granted to all the Sects, it ought in reason to be expected, that they should both receive it, and receive it thankfully. For at this time of day to refuse the Benefit, and adhere to those whom they have esteem'd their Persecutors, what is it else, but publickly to own that they suffer'd not before for Conscience sake; but only out of Pride and Obstinacy to separate from a Church for those Impositions, which they now judge may be lawfully obey'd? After they have so long contended for their Classical Ordination; (not to speak of Rites and Ceremonies) will they at length submit to an Episcopal? If they can go so far out of Complaisance to their Old Enemies; methinks a little reason should persuade'em to take another step, and see whither that wou'd lead'em.

Of the receiving this Toleration thankfully, I shall say no more, than that they ought; and I doubt not they will consider from what Hands they receiv'd it. 'Tis not from a Cyrus, a Heathen Prince, and a Foreigner, but from a Christian King, their Native Sovereign: who expects a Return in Specie from them; that the kindness which He has Graciously shewn them, may be retailed on those of his own persuasion.

To the READER.

As for the Poem in general, I will only thus far satisfy the Reader: That it was neither impos'd on me, nor so much as the Subject given me by any Man. It was written during the last Winter and the beginning of this Spring; tho' with long interruptions of ill health and other hindrances. About a Fortnight before I had finish'd it, His Majesties Declaration for Liberty of Conscience came abroad; which, if I had so soon expected, I might have spared myself the labor of writing many things which are contain'd in the 3d part of it. But I was always in some hope, that the Church of England might have bin perswaded to have taken off the penal Laws and the Test, which was one Design of the Poem, when I propos'd to myself the writing of it.

'Tis evident that some part of it was only occasional, and not first intended. I mean that defence of my self, to which every honest man is bound, when he is injuriously attack'd in Print: And I refer my self to the judgment of those who have read the Answer to the Defence of the late Kings Papers, and that of the Dutchess, (in which last I was concern'd) how charitably I have been represented there. I am now inform'd both of the Author and Supervisor of his Pamphlet: and will reply when I think he can affront me: for I am of Socrates's Opinion that all Creatures cannot. In the mean time let me consider, whether he deserv'd not a more severe reprehension then I gave him formerly; for using so little respect to the Memory of those whom he pretended to Answer: and, at his leisure look out for some Original Treatise of Humility, written by any Protestant in English, (I believe I may say in any other Tongue;) for the magnified piece of Duncomb on that Subject, which either he must mean or none, and with which another of his Fellows has upbraided me, was Translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez: tho' with the Omission of the 17th, the 24th, the 25th, and the last Chapter, which will be found in comparing of the Books.

He would have insinuated to the World, that her late Highness did not a Roman Catholick: He declares himself to be now satisfied to the contrary; in which he has given up the cause: for matter of

Fact

To the READER.

Fact was the principal Debate betwixt us. In the mean time he would dispute the Motives of her Change; how preposterously let all Men judge, when he seem'd to deny the Subject of the Controversie, the Change it self. And because I would not take up this ridiculous Challenge, he tells the World I cannot argue: but he may as well infer that a Catholick cannot Fast, because he will not take up the Cudgels against Mrs. James, to confute the Protestant Religion.

I have but one word more to say concerning the Poem as such, and abstracting from the Matters either Religious or Civil which are handled in it. The first Part, consisting most in general Characters and Narrations, I have endeavour'd to give it the Majestick Turn of Heroick Poesie. The Second, being Matter of Dispute, and chiefly concerning Church-Authority, I was oblig'd to make as plain and perspicuous as possible I could: yet not wholly neglecting the Numbers, though I had not frequent occasions for the Magnificence of Verse. The Third, which has more of the nature of Domestick Conversation, is, or ought to be more free and familiar than the two former.

There are in it two Episodes, or Fables, which are interwoven with the main Design; so that they are properly parts of, though they are also distinct Stories of themselves. In both of these I have made use of the common Places of Saryr, whether true or false, which are us'd by the Members of the one Church against the other. At which I hope no Reader of either Party will be scandaliz'd; because they are not of my Invention: but as old, to my knowledge, as the Times of Boccace and Chawcer on the one side, and as those of the Reformation on the other.

[1]

T H E

H I N D

A N D T H E

P A N T H E R.

A Milk-white *Hind*, immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on the Lawns, and in the Forest rang'd;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin.
Yet had she oft been chas'd with Horns and Hounds,
And Scythian shafts; and many winged Wounds
Aim'd at her Heart; was often forc'd to fly,
And doom'd to death, though fated not to dy.

Not so her young, for their unequal Line
Was Hero's make; half Humane, half Divine.
Their earthly mold obnoxious was to fate,
Th' immortal part, assum'd immortal state.
Of these a slaughter'd Army lay in blood,
Extended o'er the *Caledonian* Wood,

B

Their

Their native walk ; whose vocal blood arose,
 And cry'd for pardon on their perjur'd foes ;
 Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine Seed
 Endu'd with Souls, encreas'd the sacred Breed,
 So Captive *Israel* multiplied in Chains
 A numerous Exile, and enjoy'd her pains.
 With grief and gladness mixt, their Mother view'd
 Her martyr'd Offspring, and their Race renew'd ;
 Their Corpse to perish, but their kind to last ;
 So much the deathless Plant the dying fruit surpass'd.

Panting and pensive now the rang'd alone,
 And wander'd in the Kingdoms, once her own.
 The common Hunt, tho' from their rage restrain'd
 By sov'reign pow'r, her company disdain'd :
 Grin'd as they pass'd, and with a glaring eye,
 Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity,
 'Tis true, she bounded by, and tript so light,
 They had not time to take a steady sight :
 For Truth has such a face and such a mien,
 As to be lov'd needs onely to be seen.

The bloody *Bear* an *Independant* Beast,
 Unlick'd to form, in groans her hate express'd.
 Among the timorous kind the *Quaking Hare*
 Profess'd neutrality, but would not swear.
 Next her the *Buffoon Ape*, as Atheists use,
 Mimick'd all Sects, and had his own to chuse :
 Still when the *Lyon* look'd, his knees he bent,
 And pay'd at Church a Courtier's Complement.

The bristl'd *Baptist Boar*, impure as He,
 (But whiten'd with the foam of sanctity)

With

With fat pollutions fill'd the sacred place,
And mountains level'd in his furious race,
So first Rebellion founded was in Grace.
But since the mighty ravage which he made
In *German* Forests, had his guilt betray'd,
With broken Tusks, and with a borrow'd Name
He shun'd the vengeance, and conceal'd the shame;
So lurk'd in Sects unseen. With greater guile
False *Reynard* ted on consecrated spoil:
The graceless Beast by *Athanasius* first
Was chas'd from *Nice*; then by *Socinius* nurs'd
His impious Race their blasphemy renew'd,
And Nature's King through Nature's Opticks view'd,
Revers'd they view'd him lessen'd to their eye,
Nor in an Infant could a God descry:
New swarming Sects to this obliquely tend,
Hence they began, and here they all will end.

What weight of ancient Witness can prevail,
If private Reason hold the publick scale?
But, gracious God, how well dost thou provide
For erring Judgments an unerring Guide?
Thy Throne is darkness in th' abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight:
O teach me to believe Thee thus conceal'd,
And search no farther than thy self reveal'd;
But her alone for my Director take,
Whom thou hast promis'd never to forsake!
My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires;
My manhood, long misled by wandring fires,
Follow'd false lights; and when their glimps were gone,
My Pride struck out new sparkles of her own.

Such was I, such by nature still I am,
 Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame.
 Good life be now my task: my doubts are done,
 (What more could fright my faith, than Three in One?)
 Can I believe eternal God could lye
 Disguis'd in mortal mold and infancy?
 That the great Maker of the World could die?
 And after that trust my imperfect sense,
 Which calls in question his Omnipotence?
 Can I my Reason to my Faith compel,
 And shall my sight, and touch, and taste rebel?
 Superiour faculties are set aside,
 Shall their subservient Organs be my guide?
 Then let the Moon usurp the rule of Day,
 And winking Tapers shew the Sun his way;
 For what my Senses can themselves perceive,
 I need no revelation to believe.
 Can they who say the Host should be descry'd
 By sense, define a Body glorify'd?
 Impassible, and penetrating parts?
 Let them declare by what mysterious arts
 He shot that Body through th'opposing might
 Of bolts and bars imperious to the light,
 And stood before his train confess'd in open fight.

For since thus wondrously he pass'd, 'tis plain
 One single place two bodies did contain,
 And sure the same Omnipotence as well
 Can make one Body in more places dwell.
 Let Reason then at Her own quarry fly,
 But how can finite grasp infinity.

'Tis urg'd again that Faith did first commence
By Miracles, which are appeals to Sense,
And thence concluded that our Sense must be
The motive still of credibility.
For latter Ages must on former wait,
And what began belief, must propagate.

But winnow well this thought, and you shall find,
'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.
Were all those Wonders wrought by pow'r Divine
As means or ends of some more deep design?
Most sure as means, whose end was this alone,
To prove th' Godhead of th' eternal Son.
God thus asserted: Man is to believe
Beyond what Sense and Reason can conceive.
And for mysterious things of Faith rely
On the Proponent, Heav'n's Authority.
It then our Faith we for our guide admit,
Vain is the farther search of humane Wit,
As when the Building gains a surer stay,
We take th' unuseful scaffolding away:
Reason by Sense no more can understand,
The game is play'd into another hand.
Why chuse we then like *Bilanders* to creep
Along the Coast, and Land in view to keep,
When safely we may launch into the deep?
In the same Vessel which our Saviour bore
Himself the Pilot, let us leave the shoar,
And with a better Guide a better World explore.
Could He his Godhead veil with flesh and Bloud,
And not veil these again to be our food?

His

His Grace in both is equal in extent,
 The first affords us life, the second nourishment.
 And if he can, why all this frantick pain
 To construe what his clearest words contain,
 And make a riddle, what he made so plain?
 To take up half on trust, and half to try,
 Name it not Faith, but bungling bigottry.
 Both knave and fool the Merchant we may call
 To pay great sums, and to compound the small:
 For who'd break for Heaven, and wou'd not break for all?
 Rest then, my Soul, from endless anguish freed;
 Nor Sciences thy Guide, nor Sense thy Creed.
 Faith is the best ensurer of thy Bliss;
 The Bank above must fail before the Venture miss.
 But Heav'n and Heav'n-born faith are far from thee
 Thou first Apostate to Divinity.
 Unkennel'd range in thy *Polonian* Plains;
 A fiercer foe th' insatiate *Wolf* remains.

Too boastful *Britain* please thy self no more,
 That Beasts of prey are banish'd from thy shoar:
 The *Bear* the *Boar*, and every salvage name,
 Wild in effect, though in appearance tame,
 Lay waste thy Woods, destroy thy blisful Bow'r,
 And muzl'd though they seem, the mutes devour.
 More haughty than the rest, the *wolfish* race,
 Appear with belly gaunt, and famish'd face:
 Never was so deform'd a beast of grace.
 His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears
 Close clapt for shame, but his rough Crest he rears,
 And pricks up his predestinating ears.

His wild disorder'd walk, his hagger'd eyes,
Did all the bestial Citizens surprize.
Though fear'd and hated, yet he rul'd a while
As Captain or Companion of the Spoil.
Full many a year his hateful head had been
For Tribute paid, nor since in *Cambria* seen:
The last of all the litter scap'd by chance,
And from *Geneva* first infested *France*.
Some Authors thus his Pedigree will trace,
But others write him of an upstart race:
Because of *Wickliff's* brood no mark he brings
But his innate antipathy to Kings.
These last deduce him from th' *Helvetian* kind,
Who near the *Leman Lake* his Consort lin'd.
That fiery *Zuinglius* first the Affection bred,
And meagre *Calvin* blest the nuptial Bed.
In *Israel* some believe him whelp'd long since,
When the proud *Sanhedrim* oppress'd the Prince.
Or, since he will be *Jew*, derive him high'r,
When *Corah* with his Brethren did conspire,
From *Moses* hand the sov'raign Sway to wrest,
And *Aaron* of his Ephod to devest:
Till opening Earth made way for all to pass,
And cou'd not bear the burden of a *class*.
The *Fox* and he came shuffl'd in the dark,
If ever they were stow'd in *Noah's Ark*:
Perhaps not made: for all their barking train
The Dog (a common species) will contain
And some wild Currs, who from their Masters ran
Abhorring the supremacy of Man,
In Woods and Caves the Rebel-race began.

*Vid. Pref
to Heyl.
Hist of
Presb.*

O happy pair, how well have you increas'd.
What ills in Church and State have you redress'd!
With teeth untry'd, and rudiments of claws
Your first essay was on your native Laws:
Those having torn with ease, and trampil'd down
Your Fangs you fastned on the miter'd Crown,
And freed from God and Monarchy your Town.
What though your native kennel still be small,
Bounded betwixt a puddle and a wall,
Yet your victorious Colonies are sent
Where the North Ocean girds the Continent.
Quicken'd with fire below your Monsters breed,
In fenny *Holland* and in fruitful *Tweed*.
And like the first the last effects to be
Drawn to the dregs of a Democracy.
As where in fields the fairy rounds are seen,
A rank sowre herbage rises on the green,
So springing where these midnight Elves advance,
Rebellion prints the footsteps of the Dance.
Such are their Doctrines, such contempts they show
To Heav'n above, and to their Prince below,
As none but Traytors and Blasphemers know.
God, like the Tyrant of the Skies is plac'd,
And Kings like slaves beneath the Crowd debas'd.
So fulsome is their food, that flocks refuse
To bite, and only Dogs for physick use.
As where the lightning runs along the ground,
No husbandry can heal the blasting Wound
Nor bladed grass, nor bearded Corn succeeds,
But scales of scurf, and putrefaction breeds:
Such Wars, such waste, such fiery tracks of dearth
Their zeal has left, and such a teemless Earth.

But

But as the poisons of the deadliest kind
Are to their own unhappy Coasts confin'd,
As only *Indian* shades of sight deprive,
And magick plants will but in *Calchos* thrive,
So Presby'try and pestelential Zeal
Can only flourish in a Commonweal.

From *Celtique* Woods is chas'd the *wolfish* Crew;
But ah! some pity e'en to Brutes is due:
Their native Walks, methinks, they might enjoy
Curb'd of their native malice to destroy.
Of all the tyrannies on humane kind,
The worst is that which persecutes the Mind.
Let us but weigh at what offence we strike,
'Tis but because we cannot think alike.
In punishing of this, we overthrow
The Laws of Nations and of Nature too.
Beasts are the subjects of tyrannick sway,
Where still the stronger on the weaker prey.
Man only of a softer mold is made;
Not for his fellows ruine, but their aid.
Created kind, beneficent and free,
The noble Image of the Deity.

One portion of informing fire was giv'n
To Brutes, th' inferiour family of Heav'n:
The Smith divine, as with a careless beat,
Struck out the mute Creation at a heat:
But when arriv'd at last to humane race,
The Godhead took a deep consid'ring space:
And, to distinguish Man from all the rest,
Unlock'd the sacred Treasures of his breast:

C

And

And Mercy mixt with Reason did impart ;
 One to his head, the other to his heart :
 Reason to rule, but mercy to forgive :
 The first is Law, the last Prerogative.
 And like his mind his outward form appear'd ;
 When issuing naked, to the wondring herd
 He charm'd their eyes, and for they lov'd, they fear'd.
 Not arm'd with horns of arbitrary might
 Or claws to seize their furry spoils in fight,
 Or with increase of feet t'o'ertake 'em in their flight.
 Of easie shape, and pliant ev'ry way ;
 Confessing still the softness of his clay,
 And kind as Kings upon their Coronation-day :
 With open hands, and with extended space
 Of arms, to satisfy a large embrace.
 Thus kneaded up with milk, the new made Man
 His Kingdom o'er his kindred World began :
 Till Knowledge misapply'd, misunderstood,
 And pride of Empire sow'd his balmy Blood.
 Then, first rebelling, his own stamp he coins ;
 The murth'rer *Cain* was latent in his loins,
 And Bloud began his first and loudest cry
 For diss'ring Worship of the Deity.
 Thus persecution rose, and farther space
 Produc'd the mighty Hunter of his race.
 Nor so the blessed *Pan* his flock encreas'd,
 Content to fold 'em from the famish'd Beast :
 Mild were his Laws ; the Sheep and harmless Hind
 Were never of the persecuting kind,

The Hind and the Panther.

11

Such pity now the pious Pastor shows,
Such mercy from the *British* Lyon flows,
That both provide protection for their foes.

}

O happy Regions, *Italy* and *Spain*,
Which never did those Monsters entertain !
The *Wolf*, the *Bear*, the *Boar* can there advance
No native claim of just inheritance.
And self-preserving Laws, severe in show,
May guard their fences from th' invading foe.
Where birth has plac'd 'em let 'em safely share
The common benefit of vital Air.
Themselves unharmful, let them live unharm'd;
Their jaws disabl'd, and their claws disarm'd:
Here, only in nocturnal howlings bold,
They dare not seize the Hind, nor leap the Fold.
More pow'rful, and as vigilant as they,
The *Lyon* awfully forbids the prey.
Their rage repress'd, though pinch'd with famine sore,
They stand aloof, and tremble at his roar;
Much is their hunger, but their fear is more.
These are the chief; to number o'er the rest,
And stand, like *Adam*, naming ev'ry Beast,
Were weary work; nor will the muse describe
A slimy-born and son-begotten Tribe:
Who, far from Steeples and their sacred sound,
In fields their sullen Conventicles found:
These gross, half-animated lumps I leave;
Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive:
But if they think at all, 'tis sure no high'r
Than matter, put in motion, may aspire.

}

Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of Clay;
 So droffie, so divisible are They,
 As wou'd but serve pure Bodies for allay:
 Such Souls as *Shards* produce, such beetle things
 As only buz to Heav'n with ev'ning Wings;
 Strike in the dark, offending but by chance,
 Such are the blindfold blows of ignorance.
 They know not Beings, and but hate a name,
 To them the *Hind* and *Panther* are the same.

The *Panther* sure the noblest, next the *Hind*,
 And fairest Creature of the spotted kind;
 Oh, could her in-born stains be wash'd away,
 She were too good to be a Beast of Prey!
 How can I praise, or blame, and not offend,
 Or how divide the frailty from the friend!
 Her faults and vertues lie so mix'd, that she
 Nor wholly stands condemn'd, nor wholly free.
 Then, like her injur'd *Lyon*, let me speak,
 He cannot bend her, and he would not break.
 Unkind already, and estrang'd in part,
 The *Wolf* begins to share her wandring heart.
 Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
 She half commits, who sins but in her Will.
 If, as our dreaming *Platonists* report,
 There could be spirits of a middle sort.
 Too black for Heav'n, and yet too white for Hell,
 Who just dropt half way down, nor lower fell;
 So pois'd, so gently she descends from high,
 It seems a soft dismission from the Sky.
 Her House not ancient, whatsoe'er pretence
 Her Clergy Heraulds make in her defence.

A second Century not half way run
 Since the new Honours of her Blood begun.
 A Lyon old, obscene, and furious made
 By lust, compress'd her Mother in a shade.
 Then by a left-hand Marr'age weds the Dame,
 Cov'ring Adult'ry with a specious name;
 So Schism begot; and Sacrilege and she,
 A well-match'd pair, got graceless Heresie.
 God's and Kings Rebels have the same good cause,
 To trample down Divine and Humane Laws:
 But wou'd be call'd Reformers, and their hate,
 Alike destructive both to Church and State:
 The Fruit proclaims the Plant; a lawless Prince
 By luxury reform'd incontinence,
 By Ruins, Charity; by Riots, Abstinence.
 Confessions, Fasts, and Penance set aside;
 Oh with what ease we follow such a guide!
 Where Souls are starv'd, and Senses gratify'd.
 Where marr'age Pleasures, midnight pray'r supply,
 And matin Bells (a melancholy cry)
 Are tun'd to merrier notes, *encrease* and *multiply*.
 Religion shews a Rosie-colour'd face,
 Not hatter'd out with drudging works of Grace,
 A down-hill Reformation rolls apace.
 What flesh and blood wou'd crowd the narrow gate,
 Or, till they waste their pamper'd paunches, wait?
 All wou'd be happy at the cheapest rate.

Though our lean faith these rigid Laws has giv'n,
 The full fed *Musulman* goes fat to Heav'n;
 For his *Arabian* Prophet with delights
 Of sense allur'd his eastern Proselytes.

The

The jolly *Lutber*, reading him, began
 T'interpret Scriptures by his *Alcoran* ;
 To grub the thorns beneath our tender feet,
 And make the paths of *Paradise* more sweet :
 Bethought him of a Wife e'er half way gone,
 (For 'twas uneasy travelling alone ;)
 And in this masquerade of mirth and love,
 Mistook the bliss of Heav'n for *Bacchanals* above.
 Sure he presum'd of praise, who came to stock
 Th' etherial pastures with so fair a flock.
 Burnish'd, and bat'ning on their food, to show
 The diligence of careful herds below.

Our *Panther* though like these she chang'd her head,
 Yet, as the mistress of a Monarch's bed,
 Her front erect with majesty she bore,
 The Grozier weilded, and the Miter wore.
 Her upper part of decent discipline
 Shew'd affectation of an ancient line :
 And Fathers, Councils, Church and Churches head,
 Were on her reverend *Phylacteries* read.
 But what disgrac'd and disavow'd the rest,
 Was *Calvin's* brand, that stigmatiz'd the Beast.
 Thus, like a Creature of a double kind,
 In her own labyrinth she lives confin'd.
 To foreign Lands no sound of Her is come,
 Humbly content to be despis'd at home.
 Such is her Faith, where good cannot be had,
 At least she leaves the refuge of the bad.
 Nice in her choice of ill, though not of best,
 And least deform'd, because reform'd the least.

In doubtful points betwixt her differing Friends,
Where one for substance, one for sign contends,
Their contradicting terms she strives to joyn,
Sign shall be substance, substance shall be sign.
A real presence all her Sons allow,
And yet 'tis flat Idolatry to bow,
Because the Godhead's there they know not how,
Her Novices are taught that Bread and Wine
Are but the visible and outward sign
Receiv'd by those who in Communion joyn.
But th' inward grace, or the thing signify'd,
His Bloud and Body, who to sav'd us dy'd;
The faithful this thing signify'd receive,
What is't those faithful then partake or leave?
For what is signify'd and understood,
Is, by her confession, flesh and blood.
Then, by the same acknowledgment, we know
They take the sign, and take the substance too.
The lit'ral sence is hard to flesh and blood,
But nonsense never can be understood.

Her wild belief on ev'ry wave is tost,
But sure no Church can better morals boast.
True to her King her principles are f und;
Oh that her practice were but half so sound!
Stedfast in various turns of state she stood,
And seal'd her vow'd Affection with her Blood;
Nor will I meanly tax her constancy,
That int'rest or obligation made the tye,
(Bound to the fate of murdr'd Monarchy :)
(Before the sounding Ax so falls the Vine,
Whose tender branches round the Poplar twine.)

She

She chose her ruine, and resign'd her life,
 In death undaunted as an *Indian* Wife:
 A rare example: but some Souls we see
 Grow hard, and stiffen with adversity:
 Yet these by Fortunes favours are undone,
 Resolv'd into a baser form they run,
 And bore the Wind, but cannot bare the Sun.
 Let this be Natures frailty on her fate,
 Or * *Isgrim's* counsel, her new chosen mate;
 Still she's the fairest of the fallen crew,
 No Mother more indulgent but the true,

}
 * *The*
Wolf.

Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,
 Because she wants innate authority;
 For how can she constrain them to obey,
 Who has her self cast off the lawful sway?
 Rebellion equals all, and those who toil
 In common theft, will share the common spoil.
 Let her produce the title and the right
 Against her old Superiors first to fight;
 If she reform by Text, ev'n that's as plain
 For her own Rebels to reform again.
 As long as words a diff'rent sence will bear,
 And each may be his own Interpreter,
 Our airy Faith will no foundation find:
 The Word's a Weathercock for ev'ry wind:
 The *Bear*, the *Fox*, the *Wolf*, by turns prevail,
 The most in pow'r supplies the present gale.
 The wretched *Panther* cries aloud for aid
 To Church and Councils, whom she first betray'd;
 No help from Father or Traditions train,
 Those ancient Guides she taught us to disdain.

And

And by that Scripture which she once abus'd
To Reformation, stands her self accus'd.
What Bills for breach of Laws can she prefer,
Expounding which she owns her self may err?
And, after all her winding ways are try'd,
If doubts arise she slips her self aside,
And leaves the private Conscience for the Guide.
If then that Conscience set th' Offender free,
It bars her claim to Church-Authority.
How can she censure, or what crime pretend,
But Scripture may be constru'd to defend?
Ev'n those whom for Rebellion she transmits
To civil pow'r, her doctrine first acquits;
Because no disobedience can ensue,
Where no submission to a Judge is due.
Each judging for himself, by her consent,
Whom thus absolv'd she sends to punishment.
Suppose the Magistrate revenge her cause,
'Tis only for transgressing Humane Laws.
How answ'ring to its end a Church is made,
Whose pow'r is but to counsel and persuade?
O solid Rock, on which secure she stands!
Eternal house, nor built with mortal hands!
O sure defence against th' infernal gate,
A Parent during pleasure of the State!

Thus is the *Panther* neither lov'd nor fear'd,
A meer mock Queen of a divided Herd;
Whom soon by lawful pow'r she might control,
Her self a part submitted to the whole.
Then, as the Moon who first receives the light
By which she makes our nether Regions bright,

So might she shine, reflecting from afar
 The rays she borrow'd from a better Star :
 Big with the Beams which from her Mother flow
 And reigning o'er the rising Tides below :
 Now, mixing with a salvage croud, she goes
 And meanly flatters her inver'rate foes.
 Rul'd whilst she rules, and losing ev'ry hour
 Her wretched remnants of precarious pow'r.

One evening while the cooler shade she sought,
 Revolving many a melancholy thought,
 Alone she walk'd, and look'd around in vain,
 With ruful visage for her vanish'd train :
 None of her Sylvan Subjects made their Court ;
 Levées and Coucheés pass'd without resort.
 So hardly can Usurpers manage well
 Those, whom they first instructed to rebel :
 More liberty begets desire of more,
 The hunger still encreases with the store.
 Without respect they brush'd along the wood
 Each in his clan, and fill'd with loathsome food
 Ask'd no permission to the neighb'ring flood.
 The *Panther* full of inward discontent
 Since they wou'd go, before 'em wisely went :
 Supplying want of pow'r by drinking first,
 As if she gave 'em leave to quench their thirst.
 Among the rest, the *Hind*, with fearful face
 Beheld from far the common wat'ring place,
 Nor durst approach ; till with an awful roar
 The sovereign *Lyon* bad her fear no more.
 Encourag'd thus she brought her younglings nigh,
 Watching the motions of her Patron's eye,

And

And drank a sober draught; the rest amaz'd
 Stood mutely still, and on the stranger gaz'd:
 Survey'd her part by part, and sought to find
 The ten-horn'd Monster in the harmless *Hind*,
 Such as the *Wolf* and *Panther* had design'd.
 They thought at first they dream'd, 'or 'twas offence
 With them, to question certitude of sence;
 Their guide in faith; but nearer when they drew,
 And had the faultless object full in view,
 Lord, how they all admir'd her heavenly hiew!
 Some, who before her fellowship disdain'd,
 Scarce, and but scarce, from in-born rage restrain'd,
 Now frisk'd about her, and old kinred feign'd.
 Whether for love or int'rest, ev'ry sect
 Of all the salvage Nation shew'd respect:
 The Vice-roy *Panther* could not awe the Herd,
 The more the company the less they fear'd.
 The surly *Wolf* with secret envy burst,
 You cou'd not howl, the *Hind* had seen him first:
 But what he durst not speak, the *Panther* durst.

For when the Herd suffis'd did late repair
 To fearny Hearths, and to their Forest laze,
 She made a mannerly excuse to stay,
 Proff'ring the *Hind* to wait her half the way:
 That since the Sky was clear, an hour of talk
 Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.
 With much good-will the motion was embrac'd,
 To chat a while on their Adventures past:
 Nor had the grateful *Hind* so soon forgot
 Her friend and fellow-suff'rer in the Plot.

Yet wondring how of late she grew estrang'd,
Her forehead cloudy, and her count'nance chang'd,
She thought this hour th' occasion would present
To learn her secret cause of discontent,
Which, well she hop'd, might be with ease redress'd,
Consid'ring her a well-bred civil Beast,
And more a Gentlewoman than the rest.
After some common talk what rumours ran;
The Lady of the spotted-muff began.

THE

THE
HIND
 AND THE
PANTHER.

The Second PART.

DAME, said the *Panther*, times are mended well
 Since late among the *Philistines* you fell,
 The toils were pitch'd, a spacious tract of ground
 With expert Huntsmen was encompass'd round;
 Th' Enclosure narrow'd; the sagacious pow'r
 Of Hounds and Death drew nearer ev'ry hour.
 'Tis true, the younger *Lyon* 'scap'd the snare,
 But all your priestly Calves lay struggling there;
 As Sacrifices on their Altars laid
 While you their careful Mother wisely fled,
 Not trusting destiny to save your head.

} }
 For,

For whate'er promises you have apply'd
 To your unsailing Church, the surer side
 Is four fair legs in danger to provide
 And whate'er tales of *Peter's* Chair you tell,
 Yet, saving reverence of the miracle,
 The better luck was yours to 'scape so well.

As I remember, said the sober *Hind*,
 Those toils were for your own dear self design'd,
 As well as me; and, with the self-same throw,
 To catch the quarry, and the vermine too,
 (Forgive the slanderous tongues that call'd you so.)
 Howe'er you take it now, the common cry
 Then ran you down for your rank loyalty;
 Besides, in Popery they thought you nurst,
 (As evil tongues will ever speak the worst,)
 Because some Forms, and Ceremonies some
 You kept, and stood in the main question dumb.
 Dumb you were born indeed, but thinking long,
 The *Tess* it seems at last has loos'd your tongue.
 And, to explain what your Forefathers meant,
 By real presence in the Sacrament,
 (After long fencing push'd against a wall,)
 Your *salvo* comes, that he's not there at all:
 There chang'd your Faith, and what may change may fall.
 Who can believe what varies every day,
 Nor ever was, nor will be at a stay?

Tortures may force the Tongue untruths to tell,
 And I ne'er own'd my self infallible,
 Reply'd the *Panther*; grant such Presence were,
 Yet in you; sence I never own'd it there:

A real *vertue* we by faith receive,
And that we in the Sacrament believe.

Then said the *Hind*, As you the matter state,
Not only *Jesuits* can equivocate;
For *real*, as you now the word expound,
From solid substance dwindles to a sound.
Methinks an *Aesop's* fable you repeat,
You know who took the shadow for the meat:
Your Churches substance thus you change at will,
And yet remain your former figure still.
I freely grant you spoke to save your life,
For then you lay beneath the Butcher's knife.
Long time you fought, redoubl'd batt'ry bore,
But, after all, against your self you swore;
Your former self, for ev'ry hour your form
Is chop'd and chang'd, like winds before a storm.
Thus fear and int'rest will prevail with some,
For all have not the gift of Martyrdom.

The *Panther* grin'd at this, and thus reply'd:
That men may err was never yet deny'd.
But, if that common principle be true,
The Cannon, Dame, is levell'd full at you.
But, shunning long disputes, I fain wou'd see
That wondrous wight Infallibility.
Is he from Heav'n this mighty Champion come,
Or lodg'd below in subterranean *Rome*?
First, seat him somewhere, and derive his race,
Or else conclude that nothing has no place.

Suppose (though I disown it) said the *Hind*,
The certain mansion were not yet assign'd,

The

The doubtful residence no proof can bring
 Against the plain existence of the thing.
 Because *Philosophers* may disagree,
 If sight b' emission or reception be,
 Shall it be thence inferr'd, I do not see?
 But you require an answer positive,
 Which yet, when I demand, you dare not give,
 For fallacies in Universals live.
 I then affirm that this unfailing Guide
 In Pope and Gen'ral Councils must reside;
 Both lawful, both combin'd, what one decrees
 By numerous votes, the other ratifies:
 On this undoubted sense the Church relies.
 'Tis true, some Doctors in a scantier space,
 I mean in each apart contract the place.
 Some, who to greater length extend the line,
 The Churches after acceptation joyn.
 This last circumference appears too wide,
 The Church diffus'd is by the Council ty'd;
 As members by their representatives
 Oblig'd to Laws which Prince and Senate gives:
 Thus some contract, and some enlarge the space;
 In Pope and Council who denies the place,
 Assisted from above with God's unfailing Grace?
 Those Canons all the needful points contain;
 Their sense so obvious, and their words so plain,
 That no disputes about the doubtful Text,
 Have, hitherto, the lab'ring World perplex'd:
 If any shou'd in after-times appear,
 New Councils must be call'd to make the meaning clear.
 Because in them the pow'r supreme resides;
 And all the promises are to the Guides.

This

This may be taught with sound and safe defence :
But mark how sandy is your own pretence,
Who setting Councils, Pope, and Church aside,
Are ev'ry man his own presuming Guide.
The sacred Books, you say, are full and plain.
And ev'ry needful point of Truth contain :
All who can read, Interpreters may be :
Thus though your sev'ral Churches disagree,
Yet ev'ry Saint has to himself alone
The secret of this philosophick stone.
These principles your jarring Sects unite,
When differing Doctors and Disciples fight.
Though *Luther*, *Zuinglius*, *Calvin*, holy Chiefs,
Have made a battel Royal of Beliefs ;
Or like wild horses sev'ral ways have whirl'd
The tortur'd Text about the Christian World :
Each *Jehu* lashing on with furious force,
That *Turk* or *Jew* cou'd not have us'd it worse.
No matter what dissention leaders make
Where ev'ry private man may save a stake,
Rul'd by the Scripture and his own advice,
Each has a blind by-path to Paradise ;
Where driving in a circle slow or fast,
Opposing Sects are sure to meet at last.
A wondrous charity you have in store
For all reform'd to pass the narrow door ;
So much, that *Mahomet* had scarcely more.
For he, kind Prophet, was for damning none,
But *Christ* and *Moses* were to save their own :
Himself was to secure his chosen race,
Though reason good for *Turks* to take the place,

E

And

And he allow'd to be the better man
In virtue of his holier *Alcoran*.

True, said the *Panther*, I shall ne'er deny
My brethren may be fav'd as well as I:
Though *Huguenots* condemn our ordination,
Succession, ministerial vocation,
And *Luther*, more mistaking what he read,
Misjoyns the sacred Body with the Bread;
Yet, *Lady*, still remember I maintain,
The Word in needful points is only plain.

Needless or needful I not now contend,
For still you have a loop-hole for a friend,
(Rejoyn'd the Matron) but the rule you lay
Has led whole flocks, and leads them still astray
In weighty points, and full damnation's way.
For did not *Arius* first, *Socinus* now,
The Son's eternal Godhead disavow;
And did not these by Gospel-Texts alone
Condemn our Doctrine, and maintain their own?
Have not all Hereticks the same pretence
To plead the Scriptures in their own defence?
How did the *Nicene* Council then decide
That strong debate, was it by Scripture try'd?
No, sure to those the Rebel would not yield,
Squadrons of Texts he marshal'd in the field;
That was but civil War, and equal set,
Where Piles with Piles, and Eagles Eagles met.
With Texts point-blank and plain he fac'd the Foe:
And did not *Sathan* tempt our Saviour so?
The good old Bishops took a simpler way,
Each ask'd but what he heard his Father say,

Or how he was instructed in his youth ;
And by Traditions force upheld the Truth.

The *Panther* smil'd at this ; And when, said she,
Were those first Councils disallow'd by me ?
Or where did I at sure Tradition strike,
Provided still it were Apostolick.

Friend, said the *Hind*, you quit your former ground,
Where all your Faith you did on Scripture found ;
Now 'tis Tradition joyn'd with holy Writ,
But thus your Memory betrays your Wit.

No, said the *Panther*, for in that I view
When your Tradition's forg'd, and when 'tis true.
I set 'em by the rule, and as they square
Or deviate from undoubted Doctrine there
This oral fiction, that old Faith declare.

(*Hind.*) The Council steer'd it seems a different course,
They try'd the Scripture by Tradition's force ;
But you Tradition by the Scripture try ;
Pursu'd, by Sects, from this to that you fly,
Nor dare on one foundation to rely.
The Word is then depos'd, and in this view,
You rule the Scripture, not the Scripture you.
Thus said the *Dame*, and, smiling, thus pursu'd,
I see Tradition then is disallow'd,
When not evinc'd by Scripture to be true,
And Scripture, as interpreted by you.
But here you tread upon unfaithful ground ;
Unless you cou'd infallibly expound.

Which you reject as odious Popery,
 And throw that Doctrine back with scorn on me.
 Suppose we on things traditive divide,
 And both appeal to Scripture to decide;
 By various Texts we both uphold our claim,
 Nay, often ground our titles on the same:
 After long labour lost, and times expence,
 Both grant the words, and quarrel for the sence.
 Thus all disputes for ever must depend:
 For no dumb rule can Controversies end.
 Thus when you said Tradition must be try'd
 By sacred Writ, whose sence your selves decide,
 You said no more, but that your selves must be
 The Judges of the Scripture-sence, not we
 Against our Church Tradition you declare,
 And yet your Clerks wou'd sit in *Moses* Chair:
 At least 'tis prov'd against your argument,
 The rule is far from plain, where all dissent.

If not by Scriptures how can we be sure
 (Reply'd the *Panther*) what Tradition's pure?
 For you may palm upon us new for old,
 All, as they say, that glitters is not gold.

How but by following her, reply'd the Dame,
 To whom deriv'd from Sire to Son they came;
 Where ev'ry Age does one another move,
 And trusts no farther than the next above;
 Where all the rounds like *Jacob's* Ladder rise,
 The lowest hid in Earth, the topmost in the Skies.

Sternly the salvage did her answer mark,
 glowing eye-balls glitt'ring in the dark,

And

And said but this, since lucre was your trade,
Succeeding times such dreadful gaps have made
'Tis dangerous climbing: to your Sons and you
I leave the Ladder, and its Omen too.

(*Hind.*) The *Panther's* breath was ever sam'd for sweet.
But from the *Wolf* such wishes oft I meet:
You learn'd this language from the blatant Beast,
Or rather did not speak, but were possess'd.
As for your answer 'tis but barely urg'd;
You must evince Tradition to be forg'd;
Produce plain proofs; unblemish'd Authors use
As ancient as those Ages they accuse;
Till when 'tis not sufficient to defame:
An old possession stands, till Elder quits the claim.
Then for our int'rest which is nam'd alone
To load with envy, we retort your own.
For when Traditions in your faces fly,
Resolving not to yield, you must decry:
As when the cause goes hard, the guilty man
Excepts, and thins his Jury all he can;
So when you stand of other aid bereft,
You to the twelve Apostles would be left.
Your friend the *Wolf* did with more craft provide
To set those toys Traditions quite aside:
And Fathers too, unless when reason spent
He cites 'em sometimes but for ornament.
But, Madam *Panther*, you though more sincere,
Are not so wise as your Adulterer:
The private spirit is a better blind
Than all the dodging tricks your Authors find.

For

For they, who left the Scripture to the crowd,
 Each for his own peculiar Judge allow'd ;
 The way to please 'em was to make 'em proud.
 Thus: with full Sails they ran upon the shelf,
 Who cou'd suspect a couzenage from himself?
 On his own Reason safer 'tis to stand,
 Than be deceiv'd and damn'd at second hand.
 But you who *Fathers* and Traditions take,
 And garble some, and some you quite forsake,
 Pretending Church-Auctority to fix,
 And yet some grains of private spirit mix,
 Are like a *Mule* made up of diff'ring seed,
 And that's the reason why you never breed;
 At least not propagate your kind abroad,
 For home-dissenters are by Statutes aw'd.
 And yet they grow upon you ev'ry day,
 While you (to speak the best) are at a stay,
 For Sects that are extreams, abhor a middle way;
 Like tricks of State, to stop a raging flood,
 Or mollifie a mad bran'd Senat's mood:
 Of all expedients never one was good,
 Well may they argue, (nor can you deny)
 If we must fix on Church-Auctority,
 Best on the best, the fountain, not the flood,
 That must be better still, if this be good.
 Shall she command, who has her self rebell'd?
 Is *Antichrist* by *Antichrist* expell'd?
 Did we a lawful tyranny displace,
 To set aloft a bastard of the race?
 Why all these Wars to win the Book, if we
 Must not interpret for our selves, but she?
 Either be wholly slaves, or wholly free.

For *purging* fires Traditions must not fight;
But they must prove Episcopacy's right:
Thus those led Horses are from service freed;
Yet never mount 'em but in time of need.
Like mercenary's, hir'd for home defence,
They will not serve against their native Prince.
Against domestick foes of *Hierarchy*
These are drawn forth to make Fanaticks fly,
But, when they see their Country-men at hand,
Marching against 'em under Church-command,
Streight they forsake their Colours, and disband.

Thus she, nor cou'd the *Panther* well enlarge
With weak defence against so strong a charge;
But said, For what did *Christ* his Word provide,
If still his Church must want a living Guide?
And if all saving Doctrines are not there,
Or sacred Pen-men cou'd not make 'em clear,
From after-ages we should hope in vain
For Truths, which men inspir'd, cou'd not explain.

Before the Word was written, said the *Hind*,
Our Saviour preach'd his Faith to humane kind:
From his Apostles the first Age receiv'd
Eternal Truth, and what they taught, believ'd.
Thus by Tradition Faith was planted first,
Succeeding flocks succeeding Pastors nurs'd.
This was the way our wise Redeemer chose,
(Who sure could all things for the best dispose,)
To fence his fold from their encroaching foes.
He cou'd have writ himself, but well foresaw
Th' event wou'd be like that of *Moses Law*;

Some

Some difference wou'd arise, some doubts remain,
 Like those, which yet the jarring *Jews* maintain:
 No written Laws can be so plain, so pure,
 But Wit may gloss, and Malice may obscure,
 Not those indited by his first command,
 A Prophet grav'd the Text, an Angel held his hand.
 Thus Faith was e'er the written word appear'd,
 And men believ'd, not what they read, but heard.
 But since th' Apostles cou'd not be confin'd
 To these, or those, but severally design'd
 Their large Commission round the World to blow;
 To spread their Faith they spread their Labours too.
 Yet still their absent flock their pains did share,
 They hearken'd still, for love produces care.
 And as mistakes arose, or discords fell,
 Or bold seducers taught 'em to rebel,
 As charity grew cold, or faction hor,
 Or long neglect, their Lessons had forgot,
 For all their wants they wisely did provide,
 And preaching by Epistles was supply'd:
 So great Physicians cannot all attend,
 But some they visit, and to some they send.
 Yet all those Letters were not writ to all;
 Nor first intended, but occasional.
 Their absent Sermons, nor if they contain
 All needful Doctrines, are those Doctrines plain.
 Clearness by frequent preaching must be wrought,
 The writ but seldom, but they daily taught.
 And what one Saint has said of holy *Paul*,
He darkly writ, is true apply'd to all.

For this obscurity cou'd Heav'n provide
More prudently than by a living Guide,
As doubts arose the difference to decide?
A guide was therefore needful, therefore made,
And, if appointed, sure to be obey'd.
Thus, with due rev'rence, to th'Apostles writ,
By which my Sons are taught, to which, submit;
I think, those truths their sacred Works contain,
The Church alone can certainly explain,
That following Ages, leaning on the past,
May rest upon the Primitive at last.
Nor wou'd I thence the Word no rule infer,
But none without the Church interpreter.
Because, as I have urg'd before, 'tis mute,
And is it self the subject of Dispute.
But what th'Apostles their Successors taught,
They to the next, from them to us is brought,
Th'undoubted sence which is in Scripture sought.
From hence the Church is arm'd, when Errors rise,
To stop their entrance, and prevent surprize;
And safe entrench'd within, her foes without desies.
By these all festring foes her Councils heal,
Which time or has disclos'd, or shall reveal,
For discord cannot end without a last appeal.
Nor can a Council National decide
But with subordination to her Guide:
(I with the cause were on that issue try'd.)
Much less the Scripture; for suppose debate
Betwixt pretenders to a fair Estate,
Bequeath'd by some Legators last intent;
(Such is our dying Saviour's Testament:)

The Will is prov'd, is open'd, and is read;
 The doubtful Heirs their diff'ring titles plead;
 All vouch the words their int'rest to maintain,
 And each pretends by those his cause is plain.
 Shall then the Testament award the right?
 No, that's the *Hungary* for which they fight;
 The field of battel, subject of debate,
 The thing contended for, the fair estate.
 The sence is intricate, 'tis only clear
 What Vowels and what Consonants are there.
 Therefore 'tis plain, its meaning must be try'd
 Before some Judge appointed to decide.

Suppose, (the fair Apostate said) I grant,
 The faithful flock some living Gude should want,
 Your Arguments an endless chase pursue:
 Produce this vaunted Leader to our view,
 This mighty *Moses* of the chosen crew.

The Daine, who saw her fainting face retir'd,
 With force renew'd, to victory aspir'd;
 (And looking upward to her kindred sky,
 As once our Saviour own'd his Deity,
 Pronounc'd these words--- *she whom ye seek am I.*)
 Nor less amaz'd this voice the *Panther* heard,
 Than were those *Jews* to hear a God declar'd.
 Then thus the Matron modesty renew'd,
 Let all your Prophets and their Sects be view'd,
 And see to which of 'em your selves think fit
 The conduct of your Conscience to submit:
 Each Protelyte wou'd vote his Doctor best,
 With absolute exclusion to the rest:

Thus

Thus wou'd your *Polish* Diet disagree,
And end as it began in Anarchy:
Your self the fairest for Election stand,
Because you seem Crown-gen'ral of the Land,
But soon against your superstitious lawn
Some Presbyterian Sabre wou'd be drawn:
In your establish'd Laws of Sovraignty
The rest some fundamental flaw wou'd see,
And call Rebellion Gospel-liberty.
To Church decrees your Articles require
Submission modify'd, if not entire;
Homage'd deny'd, to censures you proceed;
But when *Curtana* will not do the dead,
You lay that pointless Clergy-weapon by,
And to the Laws, your Sword of Justice, fly.
Now this your Sects the more unkindly take
(Those prying Varlets hit the blots you make)
Because some ancient friends of yours declare,
Your only Rule of Faith the Scripture are,
Interpreted by men of judgment sound,
Which ev'ry Sect will for themselves expound:
Nor think less rev'rence to their Doctors due
For sound Interpretation, than to you.
If then, by able heads, are understood
Your brother Prophets, who reform'd abroad,
Those able heads expound a wiser way,
That their own sheep their shepherd shou'd obey.
But if you mean your selves are only sound,
That Doctrine turns the Reformation round,
And all the rest are false Reformers found.

Because in sundry points you stand alone,
Nor in Communion joyn'd with any one;
And therefore must be all the Church, or none.
Then till you have agreed whose Church is best,
Against the forc'd submission they protest:
While *sound* and *sound* a different sense explains,
Both play at hard-head till they break their brains:
And from their chairs each others force defy,
While unregarded thunders vainly fly.
I pass the rest, because your Church alone
Of all Usurpers best cou'd fill the Throne.
But neither you nor any Sect beside
For this high Office can be quality'd,
With necessary gifts requir'd in such a Guide
For that which must direct the whole, must be
Bound in one bond of Faith and unity:
But all your sev'ral Churches disagree.
The *Consubstantiating* Church and Priest
Refuse Communion to the *Calvinist*;
The *French* reform'd, from preaching you restrain,
Because you judge their ordination vain;
And so they judge of yours, but Donors must ordain,
In short, in Doctrine, or in Discipline
Not one reform'd, can with another joyn:
But all from each, as from damnation fly:
No union, they pretend, but in *Non-Popery*.
Nor shou'd their Members in a Synod meet;
Cou'd any Church presume to mount the seat
Above the rest, their Discords to decide;
None wou'd obey, but each wou'd be the Guide:
And face to face dissensions wou'd encrease;
For only distance now preserves the peace.

All in their turns accusers, and accus'd:
Babel was never half so much confus'd,
What one can plead, the rest can plead as well;
For amongst equals lies no last appeal,
And all confess themselves are fallible,
Now since you grant some necessary Guide,
All who can err are justly laid aside:
Because a trust so sacred to confer
Shews want of such a sure Interpreter:
And how can he be needful who can err?
Then, granting that unerring Guide we want,
That such there is you stand oblig'd to grant:
Our Saviour else were wanting to supply
Our needs, and obviate that necessity.
It then remains that Church can only be
The Guide, which owns unfailing certainty;
Or else you slip your hold, and change your side,
Relapsing from a necessary Guide.
But this annex'd condition of the Crown,
Immunity from Errours, you disown.
Here then you shrink, and lay your weak pretensions down;
For petty Royalties you raise debate;
But this unfailing universal state
You shun; nor dare succeed to such a glorious weight.
And for that cause those promises detest
With which our Saviour did his Church invest:
But strive t' evade; and fear to find 'em true,
As conscious they were never meant to you:
All which the Mother-Church asserts her own,
And with unrivall'd claim ascends the Throne.
So when of old th' Almighty Father sate
In Council, to redeem our ruin'd state,

Millions

Millions of millions at a distance round,
 Silent the sacred Consistory crown'd,
 To hear what mercy mixt with justice cou'd propound.
 All prompt with eager pity, to fulfill
 The full extent of their Creator's Will:
 But when the stern conditions were declar'd,
 A mournful whisper through the Host was heard,
 And the whole Hierarchy with heads hung down
 Submissively declin'd the pondrous proffer'd Crown.
 Then, not till then, th' eternal Son from high
 Rose in the strength of all the Deity;
 Stood forth t' accept the terms, and underwent
 A weight which all the frame of Heav'n had bent,
 Nor he himself cou'd bear, but as omnipotent.
 Now, to remove the least remaining doubt,
 That ev'n the blear'd-ey'd Sects may find her out,
 Behold what heav'nly rays adorn her brows,
 What from his Wardrobe her belov'd allows
 To deck the wedding day of his unsported spouse.
 Behold what marks of Majesty she brings;
 Richer than ancient Heirs of Eastern Kings:
 Her right hand holds the Scepter and the Keys,
 To shew whom she commands, and who obeys:
 With these to bind, or set the sinner free
 With that t' assert spiritual Royalty.

One in her self not rent by Schism, but sound,
 Entire, one solid shining Diamond,
 Not sparkles shatter'd into Sects like you,
 One is the Church, and must be to be true:
 One central principle of unity.

As undivided, so from errors free,
 As one in Faith, so one in sanctity.

*Marked
 the Catho-
 lick Church
 from the
 Nicene
 Creed.*

Thus

Thus she, and none but she, th' insulting rage
Of Hereticks oppos'd from age to age:
Still when the Gyant-brood invades her Throne
She stoops from Heav'n, and meets 'em half wayd own,
And with paternal thunder vindicates her Crown.
But like *Egyptian* Sorcerers you stand,
And vainly lift aloft your magick wand,
To sweep a way the swarms of vermin from the Land:
You cou'd like them, with like infernal force
Produce the Plague, but not arrest the Course.
But when the boils and botches, with disgrace
And publick scandal satupon the face,
Themselves attack'd, the *Magi* strove no more,
They saw Gods finger, an' their fate deplore;
Themselves they cou'd not cure of the dishonest fore.

Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely spread
Like the fair Ocean from her Mother-bed;
From East to West triumphantly the rides,
All shoars are water'd by her wealthy Tides.

The Gospel's sound diffus'd from Pole to Pole,
Where Winds can carry, and where Waves can roll.
The self same Doctrine of the sacred page
Convey'd to ev'ry clime in ev'ry age.

Here let my sorrow give my Satty place,
To raise new blushes on my *British* race;
Our sayling ships like common shoars we use,
And through our distant Colonies diffuse
The draughts of Dungeons, and the stench of stews.
Whom, when their home-bred honesty is lost,
We disembogue on some far *Indian* coast:

Thieves

Thieves, Pandars, Palliards, sins of ev'ry sort,
Those are the manufactures we export,
And these the Missionaires our zeal has made:
For, with my Countrey's pardon be it said,
Religion is the least of all our tread,

Yet some improve their traffick more then we,
For they on gain, their onely God, rely:
And set a publick price on Piety.
Industrious of the Needle and the Chart
They run full sail to their *Japponian* Mart:
Prevention fear, and prodigal of fame
Sell all of Christian to the very name;
Nor leave enough of that, to hid their naked shame.

Thus, of three marks which in the Creed we view,
Not one of all can be apply'd to you:
Much less the fourth; in vain alas you seek
Th' ambitious title of Apostolick:
God-like descent! 'tis well your blood can be
Prov'd noble, in the third or fourth degree:
For all of ancient that you had before
(I mean what is not borrow'd from our store)
Was Errour fulminated o'er and o'er.
Old Heresies condemn'd in ages past,
By care and time recover'd from the blast.

'Tis said with ease, but never can be prov'd,
The Church her old foundations has remov'd,
And built new Doctrines on unstable sands:
Judge that ye winds and rains; you prov'd her, yet she stands.
Those ancient Doctrines charg'd on her for new,
Shew when, and how, and from what hands they grew.

We

We claim no pow'r when Heresies grow bold
To coin new Faith, but still declare the old.
How else cou'd that obscene Disease be purg'd
When controverted Texts are vainly urg'd?
To prove Tradition new, there's somewhat more
Requir'd, than saying, 'twas not us'd before.
Those monumental arms are never stirr'd
Till Schism or Heresie call down *Goliath's* sword.
Thus, what you call corruptions, are in truth
The first plantations of the Gospel's youth,
Old standard Faith; but cast your eyes again
And view those Errours which new Sects maintain
Or which of old disturb'd the Churches peaceful reign,
And we can point each period of the time,
When they began, and who begot the crime;
Can calculate how long the eclipse endur'd,
Who interpos'd, what digits were obscur'd:
Of all which are already pass'd away,
We know the rise, the progress and decay.
Despair at our foundations then to strike
Till you can prove your Faith Apostolick;
A limpid stream drawn from the native source;
Succession lawful in a lineal course.
Prove any Church oppos'd to this our head,
So one, so pure, so unconfin'dly spread,
Under one chief of the spiritual state,
The members all combin'd, and all subordinate.
Shew such a seamless Coat, from Schism so free,
In no Communion joyn'd with Heresie:
If such a one you find, let Truth prevail;
Till when your Weights will in the ballance fail,
A Church unprincip'l'd kicks up the scale.

G

But

But if you cannot think, (nor sure you can)
 Suppose in God what were unjust in man,
 That he, the Fountain of eternal Grace,
 Should suffer falsehood for so long a space
 To banish Truth, and to usurp her place:
 That nine successive Ages should be lost
 And preach damnation at their proper cost;
 That all your erring Ancestors should die,
 Drown'd in the Abyss of deep Idolatry;
 If piety forbid such thoughts to rise,
 Awake and open your unwilling eyes:
 God has left nothing for each Age undone
 From this to that wherein he sent his Son:
 Then think but well of him, and half your work is done.

See how his Church adorn'd with ev'ry Grace
 With open arms, a kind forgiving face,
 Stands ready to prevent her long lost Sons embrace.
 Not more did *Joseph* o'er his Brethren weep,
 Nor less himself cou'd from discovery keep,
 When in the crowd of suppliants they were seen,
 And in their crew his best beloved *Benjamin*.
 That pious *Joseph* in the Church behold,
 To feed your famine, and refuse your gold;
 The * *Joseph* you exil'd, the *Joseph* whom you sold.

* The renunc-
 ciation of the
 Benedictines
 to the Abby
 Lands.

Thus, while with heav'nly charity she spoke,
 A streaming blaze the silent shadows broke:
 Shot from the skies a cheerful azure light;
 The birds obscene to forests wing'd their flight,
 And gaping graves receiv'd the wandring guilty spright.

Such

Such were the pleasing triumphs of the *key*
For *James* his late nocturnal Victory ;
The pledge of his Almighty patron's love;
The fire-works which his Angel made above.
I saw my self the lambent easie light
Guild the brown horror and dispel the night ;
The Messenger with speed the tidings bore ;
News which three lab'ring Nations did restore.
But Heav'n's own *Nuncius* was arriv'd before.

*Poeta lo-
quitur.*

By this, the *Hind* had reach'd her lonely cell ;
And vapors rose, and dews unwholsome fell.
When she, by frequent observation wise,
As one who long on Heav'n had fix'd her eyes,
Discern'd a change of weather in the skies.
The Western borders were with crimson spread,
The Moon descending look'd all flaming red,
She thought good manners bound her to invite
The stranger Dame to be her guest that night.
'Tis true, coarse diet and a short repast,
(She said) were weak inducements to the tast
Of one so nicely bred. and so unus'd to fast.
But what plain fare her Cottage cou'd afford,
A hearty welcome at a homely board
Was freely hers ; and, to supply the rest,
An honest meaning, and an open breast.
Last, with content of mind, the poor man's Wealth ;
A Grace-cup to their common Patron's health,
This she desir'd her to accept and stay,
For fear she might be wilder'd in her way,
Because she wanted an unerring Guide ;
And then the dew drops on her silken hide

Her tender constitution did declare,
 Too Lady-like a long fatigue to bear,
 And rough inclemencies of raw nocturnal air.
 But most she fear'd that travelling so late,
 Some evil minded beasts should lie in wait;
 And without witness wreak their hidden hate.

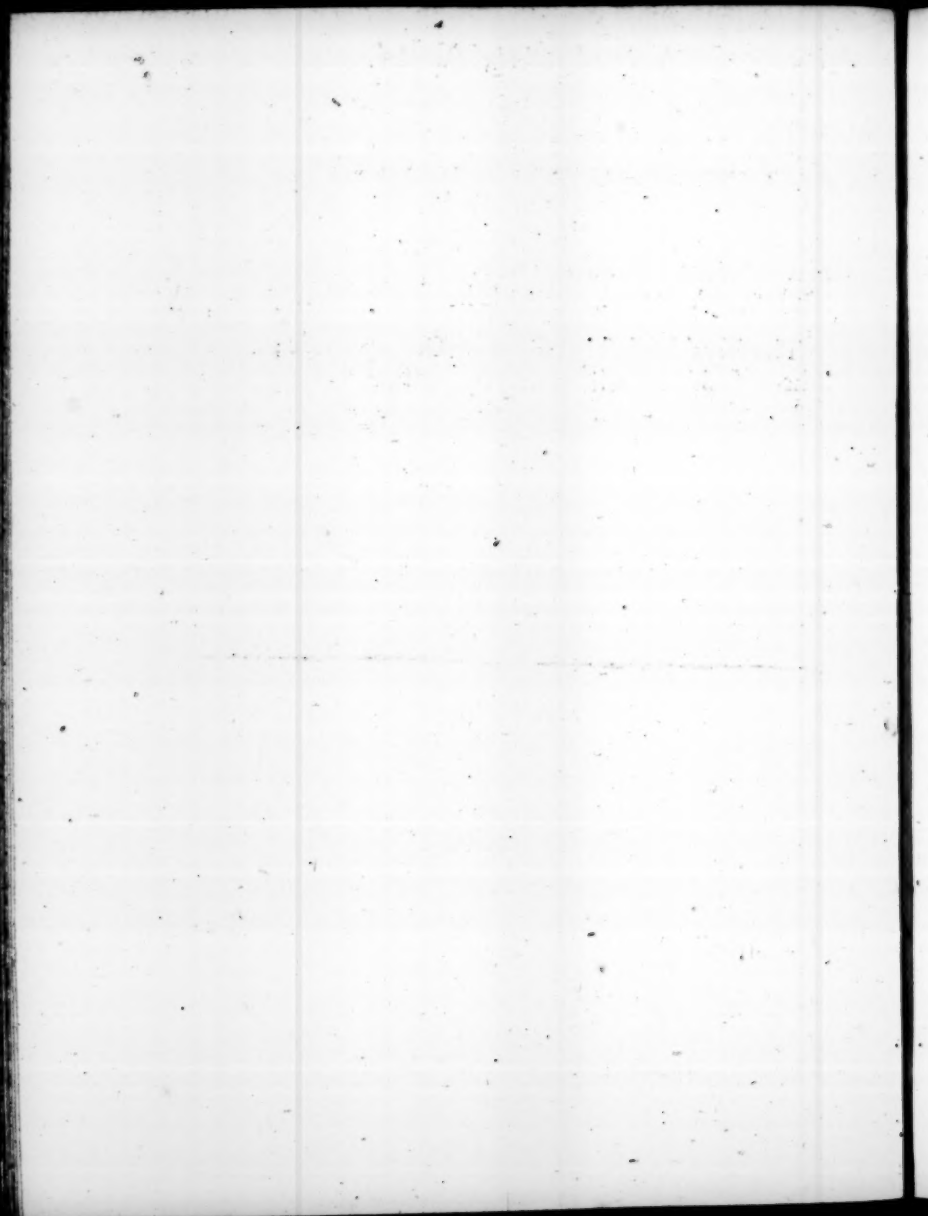
The *Panther*, though she lent a list'ning ear,
 Had more of *Lyon* in her than to fear:
 Yet wisely weighing, since she had to deal
 With many foes, their numbers might prevail;
 Return'd her all the thanks she cou'd afford;
 And took her friendly Hostess at her word.
 Who ent'ring first a lowly roof, (a shed
 With hoary moss and winding Ivy spread,
 Honest enough to hide an humble Hermit's head,
 Thus graciously bespoke her welcome guest,
 So might these walls, with your fair presence blest
 Become your dwelling-place of everlasting rest,
 Not for a night, or quick revolving year,
 Welcome an owner, not a sojourner.
 This peaceful Seat my poverty secures,
 War seldom enters, but where Wealth allures;
 Nor yet despise it, for this poor aboad
 Has oft receiv'd, and yet receives a God;
 A God victorious of the Stygian race
 Here laid his sacred limbs, and sanctified the place.
 This main retreat did mighty *Pan* contain;
 Be emulous of him, and pomp disdain,
 And dare not to debase you Soul to gain.

The silent-stranger stood amaz'd to see
Contempt of wealth, and wilful poverty :
And, though ill habits are not soon controll'd,
A while suspended her desire of gold.
But civilly drew in her sharpen'd paws,
Not violating hospitable Laws,
And pacify'd her tail, and lick'd her frothy jaws.

}
}

The *Hind* did first her Country Cates provide;
Then couch'd her self securely by her side.

THE



THE
HIND
AND THE
PANTHER.

The Third PART.

MUCH Malice mingl'd with a little Wit
 Perhaps may censure this mysterious Writ,
 Because the Muse has peopl'd *Caledon*
 With *Panthers*, *Bears*, and *Wolves*, and Beasts unknown. }
 As if we were not stock'd with Monsters of our own.
 Let *Æsop* answer, who has set to view,
 Such kinds as *Greece* and *Phrygia* never knew;
 And Mother *Hubbard* in her homely dress
 Has sharply blam'd a *British Lioness*,
 That *Queen*, whose Feast the factious rabble keep,
 Expos'd obscenely naked and asleep.

Lcd

Led by those great examples, may not I
 The wanted Organs of their words supply?
 If men transact like brutes 'tis equal then
 For Brutes to claim the priviledge of men.

Others our *Hind* of folly will endite,
 To entertain a dang'rous guest by night.
 Let those remember that she cannot dye
 Till rolling time is lost in round eternity;
 Nor need she fear the *Panther*, though untam'd,
 Because the *Lyon*'s peace was now proclaim'd,
 The wary salvage would not give offence,
 To forfeit the protection of her *Prince*;
 But wath'd the time her vengeance to compleat,
 When all her surry sons in frequent Senate met.
 Mean while she quench'd her fury at the flood,
 And with a Lenten sallad cool'd her blood.
 Their Commons, though but course, were nothing scant,
 Nor did their minds an equal banquet want.

For now the *Hind*, whose noble nature strove
 T'express her plain simplicity of love,
 Did all the honours of her house so well,
 No sharp debates disturb'd the friendly meal.
 She turn'd the talk, avoiding that extreme,
 To common dangers past, a sadly pleasing theme;
 Remembring ev'ry storm which tofs'd the state,
 When both were objects of the publick hate,
 And drop'd a tear betwixt for her own Childrens fate.
 Nor fail'd she then a full review to make
 Of what the *Panther* suffer'd for her sake.
 Her lost esteem, her truth, her loyal care,
 Her faith unshaken to an exil'd Heir,

Her

Her strength t'endure, her courage to defy;
Her choice of honourable infamy.
On these prolixly thankful, she enlarg'd,
Then with acknowledgments her self she charg'd,
For friendship of it self, an holy tye,
Is made more sacred by adversity.
Now should they part, malicious tongues wou'd say,
They met like chance companions on the way,
Whom mutual fear of robbers had possess'd;
While danger lasted, kindness was profess'd;
But that once o'er, the short liv'd union ends:
The road divides, and there divide the friends.

The *Panther* nodded when her speech was done,
And thank'd her coldly in a hollow tone.
But said her gratitude had gone too far
For common offices of Christian care.
If to the lawful Heir she had been true,
She paid but *Cæsar* what was *Cæsar's* due.
I might, she added, with like praise describe
Your suff'ring sons, and so return your bribe;
But incense from my hands is poorly priz'd,
For gifts are scorn'd where givers are dispis'd.
I serv'd a turn, and then was cast away;
You, like the gawdy fly, your wings display,
And sip the sweets, and bask in your Great *Patron's* day. }

This heard, the *Matron* was not slow to find
What sort of malady had seiz'd her mind;
Disdain, with gnawing envy, fell despight,
And canker'd malice stood in open sight.
Ambition, int'rest, pride without controul,
And jealousy, the jaundice of the soul;

Revenge, the bloody Minister of ill,
 With all the lean tormenters of the Will.
 'Twas easie now to guess from whence arose
 Her new made union with her ancient foes.
 Her forc'd civilities, her saint embrace,
 Affected kindness with an alter'd face:
 Yet durst she not too deeply probe the wound,
 As hoping still the nobler parts were sound;
 But strove with Anodynes t'assuage the smart,
 And mildly thus her med'cine did impart.

Complaints of Lovers help to easie their pain,
 It shews a rest of kindness to complain,
 A friendship loth to quit its former hold,
 And conscious merit may be justly bold.
 But much more just your jealousy would shew,
 If others good were injury to you:
 Witness ye Heav'ns how I rejoyce to see
 Rewarded worth, and rising loyalty.
 Your Warrior Offspring that upheld the Crown,
 The scarlet Honours of your peaceful gown,
 Are the most pleasing objects I can find,
 Charms to my sight, and cordials to my mind:
 When vertue spoomes before a prosp'rous gale
 My heaving wishes help to fill the sail,
 And if my pray'rs for all the brave were heard,
Cæsar should still have such, and such should still reward.

The labour'd Earth your pains have sow'd and till'd;
 'Tis just you reap the product of the field.
 Yours be the harvest, 'tis the beggars gain
 To glean the the fallings of the loaded Wain,

Such

Such scatter'd ears as are not worth your care,
Your charity for alms may safely spare,
And alms are but the vehicles of pray'r.
My daily bread is litt'rally implor'd,
I have no barns nor granaries to hoard;
If *Cæsar* to his own his hand extends,
Say which of yours his charity offends:
You know he largely gives to more than are his friends.
Are you defrauded when he feeds the poor,
Our mite decreases nothing of our store;
I am but few, and by your fare you see
My crying sins are not of luxury.
Some juster motive sure your mind withdraws,
And makes you break our friendships holy Laws,
For barefac'd envy is too base a cause.

Shew more occasion for your discontent,
Your love, the *Wolf*, wou'd help you to invent,
Some *German* quarrel, or, as times go now,
Some *French*, where force is uppermost, will do.
When at the fountains head, as merit ought
To claim the place, you take a swelling draught,
How easie 'tis an envious eye to throw,
And tax the sheep for troubling streams below,
Or call her, (when no farther cause you find,
An enemy profess'd of all your kind.
But then, perhaps, the wicked World wou'd think,
The *Wolf* design'd to eat as well as drink.

This last illusion gaul'd the *Panther* more,
Because indeed it rubb'd upon the sore.
Yet seem'd she not to winch, though shrewdly pain'd;
But this her passive Character maintain'd.

I never grudg'd, whate're my foes report,
 Your flaunting fortune in the *Lyon's* court.
 You have your day, or you are much bely'd,
 But I am always on the suff'ring side:
 You know my doctrine, and I need not say
 I will not, but I cannot disobey.

On this firm principle I ever stood:

He of my sons who fails to make it good,
 By one rebellious act renounces to my blood.

Ah, said the *Hind*, how many sons have you
 Who call you Mother, whom you never knew!

But most of them who that relation plead
 Ate such ungracious youths as wish you dead.

They gape at rich revenues which you hold,
 And fain would nible at your grandame gold;

Enquire into your years, and laugh to find
 Your crazy temper shews you much declin'd.

Were you not dim, and doted, you might see
 A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree,

No more of kin to you, than you to me.

Do you not know, that for a little coin,

Heralds can foist a name into the line:

They ask you blessing but for what you have,

But once possess'd of what with care you save,

The wanton boyes wou'd piss upon your grave.

Your sons of Latitude that court your grace,
 Though most resembling you in form and face,

Are far the worst of your pretended race.

And, but I blush your honesty to blor,

Pray God you prove'em lawfully begot:

For, in some *Popish* libells I have read,

The *Wolf* has been too busie in your bed.

At least their hinder parts, the belly piece,
The paunch, and all that *Scorpio* claims are his.
Their malice too a sure suspicion brings;
For though they dare not bark, they snarl at Kings:
Not blame 'em for intruding in your line,
Fat Bishopricks are still of right divine.

Think you your new *French* Profelytes are come
To starve abroad, because they starv'd at home?
Your Benefices twinkl'd from afar,
They found the new *Messiah* by the star:
Those *Swisses* fight on any side for pay,
And 'tis the Living that conforms, not they.
Mark with what management their Tribes divide,
Some stick to you, and some to t' other side,
That many Churches may for many mouths provide.
More vacant Pulpits wou'd more Converts make,
All wou'd have latitude enough to take;
The rest unbenefic'd your Sects maintain,
For ordinations without cures are vain,
And chamber practice is a silent gain.
Your Sons of breadth at home, are much like these,
Their soft and easie metals run with ease,
They melt, and take the figure of the mould;
But harden, and preserve it best in gold.

Your *Delpick* Sword, the *Panther* then reply'd,
Is double edg'd, and cuts on either side.
Some Sons of mine who bear upon their shield,
Three Steeples argent in a sable field,
Have sharply tax'd your Converts, who unse,
Have follow'd you for miracles of bread;

Such

Such who themselves of no Religion are,
 Allur'd with gain, for any will declare.
 Bare lyes with bold assertions they can face,
 But dint of argument is out of place.
 The grim Logician puts 'em in a fright,
 'Tis easier for to flourish than to fight.
 Thus our eighth Henry's marriage they defame;
 They say the schism of beds began the game,
 Divorcing from the Church to wed the Dame.
 Though largely prov'd, and by himself profess'd
 That Conscience, Conscience wou'd not let him rest,
 I mean not till possess'd of her he lov'd,
 And old uncharming *Catharine* was remov'd.
 For sundry years before did he complain.
 And told his ghostly Confessor his pain.
 With the same impudence, without a ground,
 They say, that look the Reformation round,
 No *Treatise of Humility* is found.
 But if none were, the Gospel does not want,
 Our *Saviour* preach'd it, and I hope you grant,
 The Sermon in the mount was *Protestant*.

No doubt, reply'd the *Hind*, as sure as all
 The Writings of Saint *Peter* and Saint *Paul*.
 On that decision let it stand or fall.
 Now for my converts, who you say unled
 Have follow'd me for miracles of bread,
 Judge not by hear-say, but observe at least,
 If since their change, their loaves have been increas'd.
 The *Lyon* buyes no Converts, if he did,
 Beasts wou'd be sold as fast as he cou'd bid,
 Tax those of int'rest who conform for gain,
 Or stay the market of another reign.

YOUR

Your broad-way sons wou'd never be too nice
To close with *Calvin*, if he paid their price;
But rais'd three steeples higher, wou'd change their note,
And quit the Cassock for the Canting-coat.
Now, if you damn this censure, as too bold,
Judge by your selves, and think not others sold.

Mean-time my sons accus'd, by fames report
Pay small attendance at the *Lyon's* court,
Nor rise with early crowds, nor flatter late,
(For silently they beg who daily wait.)
Preferment is bestow'd that comes unsought,
Attendance is a bribe, and then 'tis bought.
How they shou'd speed, their fortune is untry'd,
For not to ask, is not to be deny'd.
For what they have, their *God* and *King* they bless,
And hope they shou'd not murmur, had they less.
But, if reduc'd subsistence to implore,
In common prudence they wou'd pass your door;
Unpitty'd *Hudibras*, your Champion friend,
Has shown how far your charities extend.
This lasting verse shall on his Tomb be read,
He *sham'd* you living, and upbraids you dead.

With odious *Atheist* Names you load your foes,
Your lib'ral *Clergy* why did I expose?
It never fails in charities like those.
In climes where true religion is profess'd,
That imputation were no laughing jest.
But *Imprimatur*, with a Chaplain's name,
Is here sufficient licence to defame.

What

What wonder is't that black detraction thrives,
 The Homicide of names is less than lives;
 And yet the perjur'd murderer survives.

This said, she paus'd a little, and suppress'd
 The boiling indignation of her breast;
 She knew the vertue of her blade, nor wou'd
 Pollute her satyr with ignoble blood:
 Her panting toes she saw before her lye,
 And back she drew the shining weapon dry.
 So when the gen'rous *Lyon* has in sight
 His equal match, he rouses for the fight;
 But when his foe lyes prostrate on the plain,
 He sheaths his paws, uncurls his angry mane;
 And, pleas'd with bloodless honours of the day,
 Walks over, and disdains th'inglorious Prey.
 So *FAMES*, if great with less we may compare,
 Arrests his rowling thunder-bolts in air;
 And grants ungrateful friends a lengthn'd space,
 T'implore the remnants of long suff'ring grace.

This breathing-time the *Matron* took; and then,
 Resum'd the thrid of her discourse agen.
 Be vengeance wholly left to pow'rs divine,
 And let Heav'n judge betwixt your Sons and mine:
 It joys hereafter must be purchas'd here
 With loss of all that mortals hold so dear,
 Then welcome infamy and publick shame,
 And, last, a long farewell to worldly fame.
 'Tis said with ease, but oh, how hardly try'd
 By haughty souls to humane honoury'd!
 O'er sharp convulsive pangs of agonizing pride!

Down

Down then thou rebell, never more to rise,
And what thou didst, and do'st so dearly prize,
That fame, that darling fame, make that thy sacrifice.
'Tis nothing thou hast giv'n, then add thy tears
For a long race of unrepenting years:
'Tis nothing yet; yet all thou hast to give,
Then add those *may-be* years thou hast to live.
Yet nothing still: Then poor, and naked come;
Thy Father will receive his Unthrift home,
And thy blest Saviour's blood discharge the mighty sum.

Thus (the pursu'd) I discipline a son
Whose uncheck'd fury to revenge wou'd run:
He champs the bit, impatient of his loss,
And starts a-side, and flounders at the cross.
Instruct him better, gracious God to know,
As thine is vengeance, so forgiveness too.
That suffering from ill tongues he bears no more
Than what his Sovereign bears, and what his Saviour bore.

It now remains for you to school your child,
And ask why *God's* anointed he revil'd;
A King and Princess dead! did *Shimei* worse?
The curser's punishment should fright the curse:
Your son was warn'd, and wisely gave it o're,
But he who counsell'd him, has paid the score:
The heavy malice cou'd no higher tend,
But wo to him on whom the weights descend:
So to permitted ills the *Demon* flies:
His rage is aim'd at him who rules the skyes;
Constrain'd to quit his cause, no succour found,
The foe discharges ev'ry Tyre around,
In clouds of smoke abandoning the fight,
But his own thundring peals proclaim his flight.

In *Henry's* change his charge as ill succeeds,
 To that long story little answer needs,
 Confront but *Henry's* words with *Henry's* deeds.
 Were space allow'd, with ease it might be prov'd,
 What springs his blessed Reformation mov'd.
 The dire effects appear'd in open sight,
 Which from the cause, he calls a distant flight,
 And yet no larger leap than from the Sun to light.

Now last your Sons a double *Pæan* sound,
 A *Treatise of Humility* is found.

'Tis found, but better it had ne'er been sought
 Than thus in Protestant procession brought.
 The fam'd original through *Spain* is known,
Rodriguez work, my celebrated Son,
 Which yours, by ill translating made his own,
 Conceal'd its Author, and usurp'd the name,
 The basest and ignoblest theft of Fame.
 My Altars kindl'd first that living coal,
 Restore, or practice better what you stole:
 That virtue could this humble verse inspire,
 'Tis all the restitution I require.

Glad was the *Panther* that the charge was clos'd,
 And none of all her fav'rite Sons expos'd.
 For Laws of Arms permit each injur'd man,
 To make himself a savor where he can.
 Perhaps the plunder'd Merchant cannot tell
 The names of Pirates in whose hands he fell:
 But at the den of thieves he justly flies,
 And ev'ry *Algerine* is lawful prize.
 No private person in the foes estate
 Can plead exemption from the publick fate,

Yet

Yet Christian Laws allow not such redress;
Then let the greater supersede the less.
But let th' Abbettors of the *Panther's* crime
Learn to make fairer Wars another time.
Some characters may sure be found to write
Among her Sons, for 'tis no common sight
A spotted Dam, and all her offspring white.

}
}

The Salvage, though she saw her plea controll'd,
Yet wou'd not wholly seem to quit her hold,
But offer'd fairly to compound the strife;
And judge conversion by the convert's life,
'Tis true, she said, I think it somewhat strange
So few shou'd follow profitable change:
For present joys are more to flesh and blood,
Than a dull prospect of a distant good.
'Twas well alluded by a Son of mine,
(I hope to quote him is not to purdoin.)
Two magnets, Heav'n and Earth, allure to bliss,
The larger loadstone that; the nearer this:
The weak attraction of the greater fails.
We nodd a while, but neighbourhood prevails:
But when the greater proves the nearer too,
I wonder more your Converts come so slow.
Methinks in those who firm with me remain,
It shews a nobler principle than gain.

Your inference wou'd be strong (the *Hind* reply'd)
If yours were in effect the suff'ring side:
Your Clergy-Sons their own in peace possess,
Nor are their prospects in reversions less,
My Proselytes are struck with awtul dread,
Your bloody Comet-laws hang blazing o'er their head.

The respite they enjoy but only lent,
 The best they have to hope, protracted punishment.
 Be judge your self, if int'rest may prevail,
 Which motives, yours or mine, will turn the scale,
 While pride and pomp allure, and plenteous ease,
 That is, till man's predominant passions cease,
 Admire no longer at my slow encrease.

By education most have been misled;
 So they believe, because they so were bred.
 The *Priest* continues what the nurse began,
 And thus the child imposes on the man.
 The rest I nam'd before, nor need repeat:
 But int'rest is the most prevailing cheat,
 The sly seducer both of age and youth;
 They study that, and think they study truth:
 When int'rest fortifies an argument,
 Weak reason serves to gain the wills assent;
 For Souls already warp'd receive an easie bent.

Add long prescription of establish'd Laws,
 And picque of honour to maintain a cause,
 And shame of change, and fear of future ill,
 And zeal, the blind conductor of the will:
 And chief among the still mistaking crowd,
 The same of teachers obstinate and proud,
 And more than all, the private Judge allow'd.
 Disdain of Fathers which the daunce began,
 And last, uncertain who's the narrower span,
 The clown unread, and half-read gentleman.

To this the *Panther*, with a scornful smile:
 Yet still you travel with unwearied toil.

And

And range around the Realm without-control
Among my Sons, for Profelytes to prole,
And here and there you snap some silly Soul.
You hinted fears in future change i n State,
Pray Heav'n you did not prophesie your fate;
Perhaps you think your time of triumph near,
But may mistake the season of the year;
The *Swallows* fortune gives you cause to fear,
For charity (reply'd the Matron) tell
What sad mischance those pretty birds besel.

Nay, no mischance, (the salvage Dame reply'd)
But want of wit in their unerring Guide,
And eager haste, and gaudy hopes, and giddy pride.
Yet, wishing timely warning may prevail,
Make you the moral, and I'll tell the tale.

The *Swallow*, priviledg'd above the rest
Of all the birds, as man's familiar guest,
Pursues the Sun in Summer brisk and bold,
But wisely shuns the persecuting cold:
Is well to chancels and to chimneys known,
Though 'tis not thought she feeds on smok alone.
From hence she has been held of heav'nly line,
Endu'd with particles of Soul divine.
This merry Chorister had long possess'd
Her summer-seat, and feather'd well her nest:
Till frowning skys began to change their cheer
And time turn'd up the wrong side of the year;
The shedding Trees began the ground to strow,
With yellow leaves, and bitter blasts to blow.
Sad auguries of Winter thence she drew,
Which by instinct, or prophecy, she knew:

When

When prudence warn'd her to remove betimes
And seek a better heav'n, and warmer clymes.

Her sons were summon'd on a steeples height,
And, call'd in common Council, vote a flight;
The day was nam'd, the next that shou'd be fair,
All to the gen'ral rendezvous repair,
They try their flutt'ring wings and trust themselves in air.
But whether upward to the moon they go,
Or dream the winter out in caves below,
Or hawk at flies elsewhere, concerns not us to know.

Southwards, you may be sure, they bent their flight,
And harbour'd in a hollow rock at night:
Next morn they rose and set up ev'ry sail,
The wind was fair, but blew a *jackrel* gale:
The sickly young fat shiv'ring on the shoar,
Abhor'd salt-water never seen before,
And pray'd their tender mothers to delay
The passage, and expect a fairer day.

With these the *Martyn* readily concurr'd,
A Church-begot, and Church-believing bird;
Of little body, but of lofty mind,
Round belly'd, for a dignity design'd,
And much a dunce, as *Martyns* are by kind.
Yet often quoted Cannon-Laws, and *Code*,
And Fathers which he never understood,
But little learning needs in noble blood.
For, sooth to say, the *Swallow* brought him in,
Her Household Chaplain, and her next of kin.
In Superstition silly to excess,
And casting Schemes, by planetary guess:

In fine, shortwing'd, unfit himself to fly,
His fear foretold foul weather in the sky.

Besides, a *Raven* from a wither'd Oak,
Left of their lodging, was observ'd to croke.
That omen lik'd him not, so his advice
Was present safety, bought at any price.
(A seeming pious care, that cover'd cowardise,)
To strengthen this, he told a boding dream,
Of rising waters, and a troubl'd stream,
Sure sign of anguish, dangers and distress,
With something more not lawful to express:
By which he slyly seem'd to intimate
Some secret revelation of their fate.
For he concluded, once upon a time,
He found a leaf inscrib'd with sacred rime,
Whose antique characters did well denote
The *Sibyl's* hand of the *Cumean* Grott:
The mad Diviners had plainly writ,
A time shou'd come (but many ages yet,)
In which, sinister destinies ordain,
A *Dame* shou'd drown with all her feather'd train,
And seas from thence be call'd the *Chelidonian* main,
At this, some shook for fear, the more devout
Arose, and bless'd themselves from head to foot.

'Tis true, some stagers of the wiser sort
Made all these idle wonderments their sport:
They said, their onely danger was delay,
And he who heard what ev'ry fool cou'd say,
Wou'd never fix his thoughts, but trim his time away.
The passage yet was good, the wind, 'tis true,
Was some what high, but that was nothing new,
Nor more than usual *Equinoxes* blew.

The

The (Sun already from the Scales declin'd)
 Gave little hopes of better days behind,
 But change from bad to worse of weather and of wind.
 Nor need they fear the dampness of the Sky
 Should flag their wings, and hinder them to fly,
 'Twas only water thrown on sails too dry.
 But, least of all *Philosophy* presumes
 Of truth in dreams, from melancholy fumes:
 Perhaps the *Martyn*, hous'd in holy ground,
 Might think of Ghosts that walk their midnight round,
 Till grosser atoms tumbling in the stream
 Of fancy, madly met and clubb'd into a dream.
 As little weight his vain presages bear,
 Of ill effect to such alone who fear.
 Most prophecies are of a piece with these,
 Each *Nostradamus* can foretell with ease:
 Not naming persons, and confounding times,
 One casual truth supports a thousand lying rimes.

Th' advice was true, but fear had seiz'd the most,
 And all good counsel is on cowards lost.
 The question crudely put, to shun delay,
 'Twas carry'd by the *major* part to stay.

His point thus gain'd, Sir *Martyn* dated thence
 His pow'r, and from a Priest became a Prince.
 He order'd all things with a busie care,
 And cells, and refectories did prepare,
 And large provisions lay'd of winter fare.
 But now and then let fall a word or two
 Of hope, that Heav'n some miracle might show,
 And, for their sakes, the Sun shou'd backward go:

Against

Against the laws of nature upward climb;
And, mounted on the *Ram*, renew the prime:
For which two proofs in Sacred story lay,
Of *Abaz* dial, and of *Josuah's* day.
In expectation of such times as these
A chapell hous'd e'm, truly call'd of ease:
For *Martyn* much devotion did not ask,
They pray'd sometimes, and that was all their task.

It happen'd (as beyond the reach of wit
Blind prophecies may have a lucky hit)
That, this accomplish'd, or at least in part,
Gave great repute to their new *Merlin's* art.
Some * *Swests*, the Gyants of the *Swallow* kind, } * *Otherwise*
Largelimb'd, stout-hearted, but of stupid mind, } call'd *Mart-*
(For *Swisses*, or for *Gibeonites* design'd,) } lets.
These Lubbers, peeping through a broken pane,
To such fresh air, survey'd the neighbouring plain,
And saw (but scarcely cou'd believe their eyes)
New blossoms flourish, and new flours arise;
As God had been abroad, and walking there,
Had left his foot-steeps, and reform'd the year:
The sunny hills from far were seen to glow.
With glittering beams; and in the meads below
The burnish'd brooks appear'd with liquid gold to flow.
At last they heard the foolish *Cuckow* sing, }
Whose note proclaim'd the holy-day of spring.

No longer doubting, all prepare to fly,
And repossess their patrimonial sky.
The *Priest* before 'em did his wings display;
And, that good omens might attend their way,
As luck wou'd have it, 'twas *St. Martyn's* day.

Who but the *Swallow* now triumphs alone,
 The Canopy of Heav'n is all her own,
 Her youthful offspring to their haunts repair;
 And glide along in glades, and skim in air,
 And dip for insects in the purling springs,
 And stoop on rivers to refresh their wings.
 Their Mothers think a fair provision made,
 That ev'ry Son can live upon his Trade,
 And now the careful charge is off their hands,
 Look out for Husbands, and new nuptial bands:
 The youthful Widdow longs to be supply'd;
 But first the Lover is by Lawyers ty'd
 To settle joynture Chimneys on the bride.
 So thick they couple in so short a space,
 That *Martyns* marriage offsprings rise apace;
 Their ancient houses, running to decay,
 Are furbish'd up, and cemented with clay;
 They teem already; store of eggs are laid,
 And brooding Mothers call *Lucina's* aid.
 Fame spreads the news, and foreign fowls appear
 In flocks to greet the new returning year,
 To bless the founder, and partake the cheer.

And now 'twas time (so fast their numbers rise)
 To plant abroad, and people Colonies;
 The youth drawn forth, as *Martyn* had desir'd,
 (For so their cruel destiny requir'd)
 Were sent far off on an ill fated day;
 The rest wou'd need conduct them on the way.
 And *Martyn* went, because he fear'd alone to stay.

So long they flew with inconsiderate haste,
 That now their afternoon began to waste;

And,

And, what was ominous, that very morn
The Sun was entred into *Capricorn*;
Which, by their bad Astronomers account,
That week the virgin ballance shou'd remount;
An infant moon eclips'd him in his way,
And hid the small remainders of his day:
The crow'd amaz'd, pursu'd no certain mark;
But birds mer birds, and justled in the dark;
Few mind the publick in a Panick fright;
And fear increas'd the horror of the night.
Night came, but unattended with repose,
Alone she came, no sleep their eyes to close,
Alone, and black she came, no friendly stars arose.

What shou'd they do, beset with dangers round,
No neigh'bring Dorp, no lodging to be found,
But bleak y plains, and bare unhospitable ground.
The latter brood, who just began to fly
Sick-feather'd, and unpractis'd in the sky,
For succour to their helpless Mother call,
She spread her wings; some few beneath 'em crawl,
She spread 'em wider yet, but cou'd not cover all.
T'augment their woes, the winds began to move
Debate in air, for empty fields above,
Till *Boreas* got the skyes, and pour'd down rain
His ratling hail-stones mix'd with snow and rain.

The joyless morning late arose, and found
A dreadful desolation reign around,
Some buried in the Snow, some frozen to the ground;
The rest were struggling still with death, and lay
The *Crows* and *Ravens* rights, an undefended prey;

Excepting *Martyn's* race, for they and he
 Had gain'd the shelter of a hollow tree,
 But soon discover'd by a sturdy clown,
 He headed all the rabble of a town,
 And finish'd 'em with bats, or pull'd 'em down.
Martyn himself was caught alive, and try'd
 For treas'nous crimes, because the Laws provide
 No *Martyn* there in Winter shall abide.
 High on an Oak which never leaf shall bear,
 He breath'd his last, expos'd to open air,
 And there his corpse, unblest, are hanging still,
 To shew the change of winds with his prophetick bill.

The patience of the *Hind* did almost fail,
 For well she mark'd the malice of the tale:
 Which Ribbald art their Church to *Luther* owes,
 In malice it began, by malice grows,
 He sow'd the *Serpent's* teeth, an iron-harvest rose,
 But most in *Martyn's* character and fate,
 She saw her slander'd Sons, the *Panther's* hate,
 The people's rage, the persecuting State:
 Then said, I take th' advice in friendly part,
 You clear you Conscience, or at least your Heart:
 Perhaps you fail'd in your foreseeing skill,
 For *Swallows* are unlucky birds to kill:
 As for my Sons, the Family is blest'd,
 Whose ev'ry child is equal to the rest:
 No Church reform'd can boast a blameless line;
 Such *Martyns* build in yours, and more than mine;
 Or else an old fanatick Author lyes,
 Who summ'd their Scandals up by Centuries.
 But, through your parable I plainly see
 The bloody Laws, the crowds barbarity:

The sun-shine that offends the purblind sight,
Had some their wishes, it wou'd soon be night.
Mistake me not, the charge concerns not you,
Your Sons are male-contents, but yet are true,
As far as non-resistance makes 'em so,
But that's a word of neutral sence you know,
A passive term which no relief will bring,
But trims betwixt a Rebel and a King.

Rest well assur'd, the *Pardelis* reply'd,
My Sons wou'd all support the Regal side,
Though Heav'n forbid the cause by battel should be try'd.

The Matron answer'd with a loud Amen,
And thus pursu'd her argument agen.
If as you say, and as I hope no less,
Your Sons will practise what your self profess,
What angry pow'r prevents our present peace?
The *Lyon*, studious of our common good,
Desires, (and Kings desires are ill withstood)
To joyn our Nations in a lasting love;
The bars betwixt are easie to remove,
For sanguinary Laws were never made above.
If you condemn that Prince of Tyranny,
Whose mandate forc'd your *Gallick* friends to fly,
Make not a worse example of your own,
Or cease to rail at causeless rigour shewn,
And let the guiltless person throw the stone.
His blunted Sword, your suff'ring brotherhood
Have seldom felt, he stops it short of blood:
But you have ground the persecuting knife,
And set it to a razor edge on life.

Curs'd

Curs'd be the wit which cruelty refines,
 Or to his Father's rod the *Scorpion* joins;
 Your finger is more gross than the great Monarch's loins.
 But you perhaps remove that bloody note,
 And stick it on the first Reformers coat.
 Oh let their crime, in long oblivion sleep.
 'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis yours to keep.
 Unjust, or just, is all the question now,
 'Tis plain, that not repealing you allow.

To name the Test wou'd put you in a rage,
 You charge not that on any former Age,
 But smile to think how innocent you stand
 Arm'd by a weapon put into your hand.
 Yet still remember that you wield a sword
 Forg'd by your foes against your Sovereign Lord.
 Design'd to hew th'imperial Cedar down,
 Defraud Succession, and dis-heir the Crown.
 T'abhor the Makers, and their Laws approve,
 Is to hate Traitors, and the Treason love.
 What means it else, which now your children say,
 We made it not, nor will we take away.

Suppose some great Oppressor had by slight
 Of Law, disseis'd your Brother of his right,
 Your common sire surrendering in a fright;
 Would you to that unrighteous title stand,
 Left by the villain's will to heir the Land?
 More just was *Judas*, who his Saviour sold;
 The sacrilegious bribe he cou'd not hold.
 Nor hang in peace, before he rend'rd back the gold.

What

What more could you have done, than now you doe,
Had *Oates* and *Bedlow*, and their Plot been true?
Some specious Reasons for those wrongs were found;
The dire Magicians threw their mists around,
And wise men walk'd as on enchanted ground.
But now when time has made th'imposture plain,
(Late though he follow'd truth, and limping held her train,)
What new delusion charms your cheated eyes again?
The painted Harlot might a while bewitch,
But why the Hag uncas'd, and all obscene with itch

The first Reformers were a modest race,
Our Peers possess'd in peace their native place:
And when rebellious arms o'return'd the State,
They suffer'd onely in the common fate;
But now the Sov'rain mounts the regal chair
And murr'd seats are full, yet *David's* bench is bare:
Your answer is, they were not dispossest'd,
They need but rub their mettle on the Test
To prove their ore; 'twere well if gold alone
Were touch'd and try'd on your discerning stone;
But that unfaithful Test, unfound will pass
The dross of Atheists, and Sectarian brass:
As if th'experiment were made to hold
For base productions, and reject the gold;
Thus men ungodded may to places rise,
And Sects may be preferr'd without disguise:
No danger from the Church or State from these,
The Papist only has his Writ of ease.
No gainful office gives him the pretence
To grind the Subject or defraud the Prince.

Wrong

Wrong conscience, or no conscience may deserve
To thrive, but ours alone is priviledg'd to sterve.

Still thank your selves you cry, your noble race
We banish not, but they forsake the place.
Our doors are open: true, but e'er they come,
You tols your cens'ring Test, and fume the room;
As if 'twere *Toby's* rival to expel,
And fright the fiend who could not bear the smell.

To this the *Panther* sharply had repl'y,
But, having gain'd a Verdict on her side,
She wisely gave the loser leave to chide;
Well satisfy'd to have the But and peace,
And for the Plaintiff's cause she car'd the less,
Because she su'd in *forma pauperis*;
Yet thought it decent some thing shou'd be said,
For secret guilt by silence is betray'd:
So neither granted all, nor much deny'd,
But answer'd with a yawning kind of pride.

Methinks such terms of profer'd peace you bring
As once *Aeneas* to th'*Italian* King:
By long possession all the Land is mine,
You strangers come with your intruding line,
To share my Scepter, which you call to join,
You plead like him an ancient Pedigree,
And claim a peaceful seat by fates decree
In ready pomp your Sacrificer stands,
T' unite the *Trojan* and the *Latin* bands,
And that the League more firmly may be ty'd,
Demand the fair *Lavinia* for your Bride.
Thus plausibly you veil th'intended wrong,
But still you bring your exil'd gods along;

And

And will endeavour in succeeding space,
Those household Poppits on our hearths to place.
Perhaps some barb'rous Laws have been prefer'd,
I spake against the *Test*, but was not heard;
These to rescind, and Peerage to restore,
My gracious Sov'reign wou'd my vote implore:
I owe him much, but owe my Conscience more.

}

Conscience is then your Plea, reply'd the Dame,
Which well-inform'd will ever be the same.
But yours is much of the *Camelion* hew,
To change the dye with ev'ry diff'rent view.
When first the *Lyon* sat with awful sway
Your Conscience taught you duty to obey:
He might have had your Statutes and your Test,
No conscience but of subjects was profess'd.
He found your temper, and no farther try'd,
But on that broken reed your Church rely'd.
In vain the Sects assay'd their utmost art
With offer'd treasure to espouse their part,
Their treasures were a bribe too mean to move his heart.
But when by long experience you had prov'd,
How far he cou'd forgive, how well he lov'd;
A goodness that excell'd his godlike race,
And onely short of Heav'n's unbounded grace:
A flood of mercy that o'erflow'd our Isle,
Calm in the rise, and fruitful as the *Nile*,
Forgetting whence your *Egypt* was supply'd,
You thought your Sov'reign bound to send the tide:
Nor upward look'd on that immortal spring,
But vainly deem'd, he durst not be a King:

}

Then

Then Conscience, unrestrain'd by fear, began
 To stretch her limits, and extend the span,
 Did his indulgence as her gift dispose,
 And made a wise alliance with her foes.
 Can Conscience own th' associating name,
 And raise no blushes to conceal her shame?
 For sure she has been thought a bashtul Dame.
 But if the cause by batrel should be try'd,
 You grant she must espouse the regal side:
 O *Proteus* Conscience, never to be ty'd!
 What *Phabus* from the *Tripol* shall disclose,
 Which are in last resort, your friends or foes?
Homer, who learn'd the language of the sky,
 The seeming *Gordian* knot wou'd soon untie;
 Immortal pow'rs the term of Conscience know,
 But int'rest is her name with men below.

Conscience or Int'rest be't, or both in one;
 (The *Panther* answer'd in a surly tone.)
 The first commands me to maintain the Crown,
 The last forbids to throw my Barriers down.
 Our penal Laws no Sons of yours admit,
 Our *Test* excludes your Tribe from benefit.
 These are my Banks your Ocean to withstand,
 Which proudly rising overlooks the Land:
 And once let in, with unresisted sway
 Wou'd sweep the Pastors and their flocks away.
 Think not my judgment leads me to comply
 With Laws unjust, but hard necessity:
 Imperious need which cannot be withstood
 Makes ill authentick, for a greater good.

Possels

Possess your Soul with patience, and attend :
A more auspicious Planet may ascend ;
Good fortune may present some happier time,
With means to cancel my unwilling crime ;
(Unwilling, witness all ye Pow'rs above)
To mend my errors and redeem your love :
That little space you safely may allow,
Your all-dispensing pow'r protects you now.

Hold, said the *Hind*, 'tis needless to explain :
You wou'd *postpone* me to another reign :
Till when you are content to be unjust,
Your part is to possess, and mine to trust.
A fair exchange propos'd of future chance,
For present profit and inheritance :
Few words will serve to finish our dispute,
Who will not now repeal wou'd persecute ;
To ripen green revenge your hopes attend,
Wishing that happier Planet wou'd ascend :
For shame let Conscience be your plea no more,
To will hereafter, proves she might before ;
But she's a Bawd to gain, and holds the door.

Your care about your Banks, infers a fear
Of threatening Floods, and Inundations near ;
If so, a just Reprieve would only be
Of what the Land usurp'd upon the Sea ;
And all your Jealousies but serve to show
Your Ground is, like your Neighbour-Nation, low.
T' intrench in what you grant unrighteous Laws,
Is to distrust the justice of your cause :
And argues that the true Religion lyes
In those weak Adversaries you despise.

Tyrannick force is that which least you fear,
 The sound is frightful in a Christian's ear;
 Avert it, Heav'n; nor let that Plague be sent
 To us from the dispeopl'd Continent.

But Piety commands me to refrain;
 Those Pray'rs are needfuls in this Monarch's Reign.
 Behold! how he protects your friends oppress'd,
 Receives the banish'd, succours the distress'd:
 Behold, for you may read an honest open breast.
 He stands in day-light, and disdains to hide
 An Act to which, by Honours he is ty'd
 A generous, laudable, and kingly Pride.
 Your Test he would repeal, his Peers restore,
 This when he says he means, he means no more.

Well, said the *Panther*, I believe him just,
 And yet-----

And yet, 'Tis but because you must,
 You would be trusted, but you would not trust.
 The *Hind* thus briefly, and disdain'd t' enlarge
 On Pow'r of Kings, and their Superiour charge.
 As Heav'n's Trustees before the Peoples choice:
 Though sure the *Panther* did not much rejoyce
 To hear those *Echo's* giv'n of her once loyal voice.

The *Matron* woo'd her kindness to the last,
 But could not win; her hour of Grace was past.
 Whom thus persisting when she cou'd not bring
 To leave the *Wolf*, and to believe her King,
 She gave her up, and fairly wish'd her joy
 Of her late Treaty with her new Ally:

Which

Which well she hop'd wou'd more successful prove,
Than was the *Pigeons*, and the *Buzzards* love.
The *Panther* ask'd, what concord there cou'd be
Betwixt two kinds, whose Natures disagree?
The *Dame* reply'd, 'Tis sung in ev'ry street,
The common chat of Gossips when they meet:
But, since unheard by you, 'tis worth your while
To take a wholesome Tale, though told in homely stile.
A plain good man, whose name is understood,
(So few deserve the name of plain and good)
Of three fair lineal Lordships stood possess'd,
And liv'd, as reason was, upon the best;
Inur'd to hardships from his early youth,
Much had he done, and suffer'd for his truth:
At Land and Sea, in many a doubtful Fight,
Was never known a more adventurous Knight,
Who oftner drew his Sword, and always for the right.

}

As fortune wou'd (his fortune came though late)
He took possession of his just Estate:
Nor rack'd his Tenants with increase of Rent,
Nor liv'd too sparing, nor too largely spent;
But overlook'd his *Hinds*, their Pay was just,
And ready, for he scorn'd to go on trust:
Slow to resolve, but in performance quick;
So true, that he was awkward at a trick.
For little Souls on little shifts rely,
And coward Arts of mean Expedients try:
The noble Mind will dare do any thing but lye.
False friends, (his deadliest foes) could find no way
But shows of honest bluntness to betray;

}

That

That unsuspected plainness he believ'd,
 He look'd into Himself, and was deceiv'd.
 Some lucky Planet sure attends his Birth,
 Or Heav'n wou'd make a Miracle on Earth;
 For prosp'rous Honesty is seldom seen:
 To bear so dead a weight, and yet to win.
 It looks as Fate with Nature's Law would strive,
 To shew plain dealing once an age may thrive:
 And, when so tough a frame she could not bend,
 Exceeded her Commission to befriend.

This grateful man, as Heav'n encreas'd his Store,
 Gave *God* again, and daily fed his Poor;
 His House with all convenience was purvey'd,
 The rest he found, but rais'd the Fabrick where he pray'd;
 And in that Sacred Place, his beauteous Wife
 Employ'd Her happiest hours of Holy Life.

Nor did their Alms extend to those alone
 Whom common Faith more strictly made their own,
 A sort of *Doves* were hous'd too near their Hall,
 Who cross the Proverb, and abound with Gall.
 Tho' some 'tis true, are passively inclyn'd,
 The greater part degenerate from their kind;
 Voracious Birds, that hotly Bill and breed,
 And largely drink, because on Salt they feed,
 Small Gain from them their Bounteous Owner draws,
 Yet, bound by Promise, he supports their Cause,
 As Corporations priviledg'd by Laws.

That House which harbour to their kind affords
 Was built, long since, God knows, for better Birds;

But

But flutt'ring there they nestle near the Throne,
And lodge in Habitations not their own,
By their high Crops, and Corny Gizzards known.
Like *Harpy's* those could scent a plenteous board,
Then to be sure they never fail'd their Lord,
The rest was form, and bare Attendance paid,
They drunk, and eate, and grudgingly obey'd.
The more they fed, they raven'd still for more,
They drain'd from *Dan*, and left *Beer-sheba* poor;
All this they had by Law, and none repin'd,
The preference was but due to *Levi's* Kind,
But when some Lay-preferment fell by chance
The Gourmands made it their Inheritance.
When once possess'd, they never quit their Claim,
For then 'tis sanctify'd to Heavens high Name;
And Hallow'd thus they cannot give Consent,
The Gift should be prophan'd by Worldly management.

Their Flesh was never to the Table serv'd,
Tho' 'tis not thence inferr'd the Birds were starv'd;
But that their Master did not like the Food,
As rank, and breeding Melancholy Blood.
Nor did it with his Gracious Nature suite;
Ev'n tho' they were not Doves, to persecute:
Yet He refus'd. (nor could they take Offence)
Their Glutton Kind should teach him abstinence.
Nor Consecrated Grain their Wheat he thought,
Which new from treading in their Bills they brought:
But lest his Hinds each in his private pow'r,
That those who like the Bran might leave the Flow'r.
He for himself, and not for others chose,
Nor would he be impos'd on, nor impose;

But

But in their Faces His Devotion paid,
 And Sacrifice with Solemn Rites was made,
 And Sacred Incense on His Altars laid.

Besides these jolly Birds whose Crops impure,
 Repay'd their Commons with their Salt Manure;
 Another Farm he had behind his House,
 Not overstock't, but barely for his use;
 Wherein his poor Domestick Poultry fed,
 And from His Pious Hands receiv'd their Bread,
 Our pamper'd Pigeons with malignant Eyes,
 Beheld these Inmates, and their Nurseries:
 Tho' hard their Fare, at Ev'ning, and at Morn
 A Cruise of Water, and an Ear of Corn;
 Yet still they grudg'd that Modicum, and thought
 A Sheaf in ev'ry single Grain was brought;
 Fain would they filch that little Food away,
 While unrestrain'd those happy Gluttons prey.
 And much they griev'd to see so nigh their Hall,
 The Bird that warn'd St. *Peter* of his Fall;
 That he should raise his miter'd Crest on high,
 And clap his Wings, and call his Family
 To Sacred Rites; and vex th'Ethereal Pow'rs
 With midnight Martins, at uncivil Hours:
 Nay more, his quiet Neighbours should molest,
 Just in the sweetness of their Morning rest.

Beast of a Bird, supinely when he might
 Lye snugg and sleep, to rise before the light:
 What if his dull Forefathers us'd that cry,
 Cou'd he not let a bad Example dye?
 The World was fall'n into an easier way,
 This Age knew better, than to Fast and Pray.

Good Sense in Sacred Worship would appear
So to begin , as they might end the year,
Such seats in former times had wrought the falls
Of crowing Chanticleers in Cloyster'd Walls.
Expell'd for this, and for their Lands they fled ,
And Sister Partlet with her hooded head
Was hooted hence , because she would not pray a Bed.
The way to win the restiff World to God ,
Was to lay by the Disciplining Rod ,
Unnatural Fasts, and Foreign Forms of Pray'r;
Religion frights us with a meen severe.
'Tis Prudence to reform her into Ease ,
And put her in undress to make Her pleas:
A lively Faith will bear aloft the Mind ,
And leave the Luggage of Good Works behind.

Such Doctrines in the Pigeon-house were taught,
You need not ask how wondrously they wrought;
But sure the common Cry was all for these
Whose Life , and precept both encourag'd Ease.
Yet fearing those alluring Bait's might fail,
And Holy Deeds o're all their Arts prevail:
(For Vice, tho' frontless, and of harden'd Face
Is daunted at the sight of awful Grace)
An hideous Figure of their Foes they drew,
Nor Lines, nor Looks, nor Shades, nor Colours true ;
And this Grotesque design, expos'd to Publick view.
One would have thought it an Egyptian Piece,
With Garden-Gods, and barking Deities,
More thick than *Ptolomey* has stuck the Skies.
All so perverse a Draught, so far unlike,
It was no Libell where it meant to strike :

Yet still the daubing pleas'd, and great and Small
 To view the Monster crouded Pigeon-hall.
 There Chanticleer was drawn upon his knees.
 Adoring Shrines, and Stocks of Sainted Trees,
 And by him, a misshapen, ugly Race;
 The Curse of God was seen on ev'ry Face:
 No *Holland* Emblem could that Malice mend,
 But still the worse the look the fitter for a Fiend.

The Master of the Farm displeas'd to find
 So much of Rancour in so mild a kind,
 Enquir'd into the cause and came to know,
 The Passive Church had struck the foremost blow
 With groundless Fears, and Jealousies possess'd,
 As if this troublesome intruding Guest
 Would drive the Birds of *Venus*, from their Nest,
 A Deed his inborn Equity abhorr'd,
 But Int'rest will not trust, tho God should plight his word.

A Law, the Source of many Future harms,
 Had banish'd all the Poultry from the Farms;
 With loss of Life, if any should be found
 To crow or peck on this forbidden Ground.
 That Bloody Statute chiefly was design'd
 For *Chanticleer* the white, of Clergy kind;
 But after-malice did not long forget
 The Lay that wore the Robe, and Coronet;
 For them, for their Inferiours and Allies,
 Their Foes a deadly *Shibboleth* devise:
 By which unrighteously it was decreed,
 That none to Trust, or Profit should succeed,
 Who would not swallow first a poysonous wicked Weed.

Or that, to which old *Socrates* was curst.
Or *Henbane* Juice to swell 'em till they burst.
The Patron (as in reason) thought it hard
To see this Inquisition in his Yard,
By which the Sovereign was of Subjects use debarr'd.

All gentle means he try'd, which might withdraw
Th' Effects of so unnatural a Law:
But still the Dove house obstinately stood
Deaf to their own, and to their Neighbours good:
And which was worse, (if any worse could be)
Repented of their boasted Loyalty:
Now made the Champions of a cruel Cause,
And drunk with fumes of popular Applause;
For those whom God to ruine has design'd,
He fits for Fate, and first destroys their Mind.

New Doubts indeed they daily strove to raise,
Suggested Dangers, interpos'd Delays,
And Emisary Pigeons had in store,
Such as the *Meccan* Prophet us'd of yore,
To whisper Counsels in their Patrons ear,
And veil'd their false Advice with zealous fear.
The Master smil'd to see 'em work in vain,
To wear him out, and make an idle reign:
He saw, but suffer'd their protractive Arts,
And strove by mildness to reduce their Hearts;
But they abus'd that Grace to make Allyes,
And fondly clos'd with former Enemies:
For Fools are double Fools endeavoring to be wise.

After a grave Consult what course were best,
One more mature in Folly than the rest,

Stood up, and told 'em, with his head aside,
 That desp'rate Cures must be to desp'rate Ills apply'd :
 And therefore since their main impending fear
 Was from th' increasing race of *Chanticleer* :
 Some potent Bird of Prey they ought to find,
 A foe profess'd to him, and all his kind :
 Some haggard *Hawk*, who had her Eyyr nigh,
 Well pounc'd to fasten, and well wing'd to fly :
 One they might trust, their common wrongs to wreak :
 The *Musquet*, and the *Coystrel* were too weak,
 Too fierce the *Falcon*, but above the rest,
 The noble *Buzzard* ever pleas'd me best ;
 Of small Renown, 'tis true, for not to lye,
 We call him but a *Hawk* by courtesie.
 I know he haunts the *Pigeon*-House and Farm,
 And more, in time of War, has done us harm ;
 But all his hate on trivial points depends,
 Give up our Forms, and we shall soon be friends.
 For *Pigeons* flesh he seems not much to care,
 Cram'd *Chickens* are a more delicious fare ;
 On this high Potentate, without delay,
 I wish you would confer the sovereign Sway :
 Petition him t' accept the Government,
 And let a splendid Embassie be sent.

This pithy Speech prevail'd, and all agreed,
 Old Enmity's forgot, the *Buzzard* should succeed.

Their welcome Suit was granted soon as heard,
 His Lodgings furnish'd, and a Train prepar'd,
 With *B's* upon their Breast, appointed for his Guard.

He

He came, and Crown'd with great solemnity,
God save King *Buzzard*, was the gen'ral cry.

A portly Prince, and goodly to the sight,
He seem'd a Son of *Anach* for his height :
Like those whom stature did to Crowns prefer,
Black-brow'd, and bluff, like *Homer's Jupiter* :
Broad-back'd and brawny, built for Loves delight,
A Prophet form'd, to make a female Profelyte.
A Theologue more by need, than nat'ral bent,
By Breeding sharp, by Nation confident.
Int'rest in all his Actions was discern'd ;
More Learn'd than Honest, more a Wit than learn'd.
Or forc'd by fear, or by his profit led,
Or both, his own unhappy Clyme he fled ;
But brought the Vertues of his Heav'n along,
A fair Behaviour, and a flatt'ring Tongue :
And yet with all his Arts he could not thrive ;
The most unlucky Parasite alive.
Loud praises to prepare his paths he sent,
And then himself pursu'd his Compliment :
But, by reverse of Fortune chas'd away,
His Gifts no longer than their Author stay :
He shakes the Dust against th' ungrateful race,
And leaves the stench of Ordours in the place.
Oft has he flatter'd, and blasphem'd the same,
For in his rage, he spares no Sov'raign's name :
The Hero and the Tyrant change their stile
By the same measure that they frown or smile ;
When well receiv'd by hospitable Foes,
The kindness he returns, is to expose :

For

For Cōrtesies, tho' undeserv'd and great,
 No gratitude in Fellow-minds beget,
 As tribute to his Wit, the churl receives the treat.
 His praise of Foes is venomously Nice,
 So touch'd, it turns a Verture to Vice:
A Greek, and bountiful forwarns us twice.
 Sev'n Sacraments he wisely do's disown;
 Because he knows Confession stands for one;
 Where Sins to sacred silence are convey'd,
 And not for Fear, or Love, to be betray'd:
 But he, uncall'd, his Patron to controul,
 Divulg'd the secret whispers of his Soul:
 Stood forth th' accusing Sathan of his Crimes,
 And offer'd to the *Moloch* of the Times.
 Prompt to assaile, and careless of defence,
 Invulnerable in his Impudence;
 He dares the World, and eager of a name,
 He thrusts about, and justles into fame.
 Frontless, and Satyr-proof he scow'rs the streets,
 And runs an *Indian* muck at all he meets.
 So fond of loud Report, that not to miss
 Of being known (his last and utmost bliss)
 He rather would be known, for what he is.

Such was, and is the Captain of the Test,
 Tho' half his Vertues are not here express'd;
 The modesty of Fame conceals the rest.
 The splentful *Pigeons* never could create
 A Prince more proper to revenge their hate:
 Indeed, more proper to revenge, than save;
 A King, whom in his wrath, th' Almighty gave:

For all the Grace the Landlord had allow'd,
But made the *Buzzard* and the *Pigeons* proud;
Gave time to fix their Friends, and to seduce the crowd.
They long their Fellow-Subjects to inthrall,
Their Patrons promise into question call,
And vainly think he meant to make 'em Lords of all.

False Fears their Leaders fail'd not to suggest,
As if the *Doves* were to be dispossest;
Nor Sighs, nor Groans, nor gogling Eyes did want;
For now the *Pigeons* too had learn'd to Cant.
The House of Pray'r is stock'd with large increase;
Nor Doors, nor Windows can contain the Press:
For Birds of ev'ry feather fill th'abode;
Ev'n Atheists out of envy own a God:
And reeking from the Stews, Adult'ers come,
Like *Goths* and *Vandals* to demolish *Rome*.
That Conscience which to all their Crimes was mute,
No calls aloud, and cries to Persecute.
No rigour of the Laws to be releas'd,
And much the less, because it was their Lords request:
They thought it great their Sov'raign to controul,
And nam'd their Pride, Nobility of Soul.

'Tis true, the *Pigeons*, and their Prince Elect
Were short of Pow'r their purpose to effect:
But with their Quills, did all the hurt they cou'd,
And cuff'd the tender *Chickens* from their food:
And much the *Buzzard* in their cause did stir,
Tho' naming not the Patron, to infer
With all respect, he was a gross Idolater.

But when th'Imperial owner did espy
That thus they turn'd his Grace to Villany,

Not suffering wrath to discompose his mind,
 He strove a temper for th' extreams to find,
 So to be just, as he might still be kind.
 Then, all maturely weigh'd, pronounc'd a Doom
 Of Sacred Strength for ev'ry Age to come.
 By this the Doves their Wealth and State possess,
 No rights intring'd, but licence to oppress:
 Such pow'r have they as Factious Lawyers long
 To Crowns ascrib'd, that Kings can do no wrong.
 But, since His own Domestick Birds have try'd
 The dire Effects of their destructive Pride,
 He deems that Proof a Measure to the rest,
 Concluding well within his Kingly Breast,
 His Fowl of Nature too unjustly were oppress.
 He therefore makes all Birds of ev'ry Sect
 Free of his Farm, with promise to respect
 Their sev'ral Kinds alike, and equally protect.
 His Gracious Edict the same Franchise yields
 To all the wild Encrease of Woods and Fields,
 And who in Rocks aloof, and who in Steeples builds.
 To *Crows* the like Impartial Grace affords,
 And *Choughs* and *Daws*, and such Republick Birds:
 Secur'd with ample Priviledge to feed,
 Each has his District, and his Bounds decreed:
 Combin'd in common Int'rest with his own,
 But not to pass the Pigeons *Rubicon*.

Here ends the Reign of this pretended Dove;
 All prophecies accomplish'd from above,
 For *Shiloh* comes the Scepter to remove.
 Reduc'd from Her Imperial High Abode,
 Like *Dyonysius* to a private Rod:

The passive Church, that with pretended Grace
Did her distinctive Mark in Duty place,
Now Touch'd, Reviles her Maker to his Face.

What after happen'd is not hard to guess;
The small Beginnings had a large Encrease,
And Arts and Wealth succeed (the secret spoils of Peace.)
'Tis said the Doves repented, though too late,
Become the Smiths of their own foolish Fate:
Nor did their owner hasten their ill hour:
But, sunk in Credit, they decreas'd in pow'r:
Like Snows in warmth that mildly pass away,
Dissolving in the Silence of Decay.

The *Buzzard* not content with equal place,
Invites the feather'd *Nimrods* of his Race,
To hide the thinness of their flock from sight,
And all together make a seeming goodly flight:
But each have separate Int'rests of their own,
Two *Czars*, are one too many for a Throne.
Nor can th' usurped long abstain from food,
Already he has tasted Pigeons Blood:
And may be tempted to his former fare,
When this Indulgent Lord shall late to Heav'n repair.
Bare bending times, and mouking Months may come,
When lagging late, they cannot reach their home:
Or rent in Schism, (for so their Fate decrees,)
Like the Tumultuous Colledge of the Bees;
They fight their Quarrel, by themselves oppress,
The Tyrant smiles below, and waits the falling feast.

Thus did the gentle *Hind* her fable end,
Nor would the *Panther* blame it, nor commend;
But, with affected Yawnings at the close,
Seem'd to require her natural repose.
For now the streaky light began to peep;
And setting stars admonish'd both to sleep.
The Dame withdrew, and, wishing to her Guest
The peace of Heav'n, betook her self to rest.
Ten thousand Angels on her slumbers wait
With glorious Visions of her future state.

F I N I S

